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THE  
**MOTHER'S**  
BOOK  
OF  
**POETRY**  
—  
MRS. ALFRED GATTY

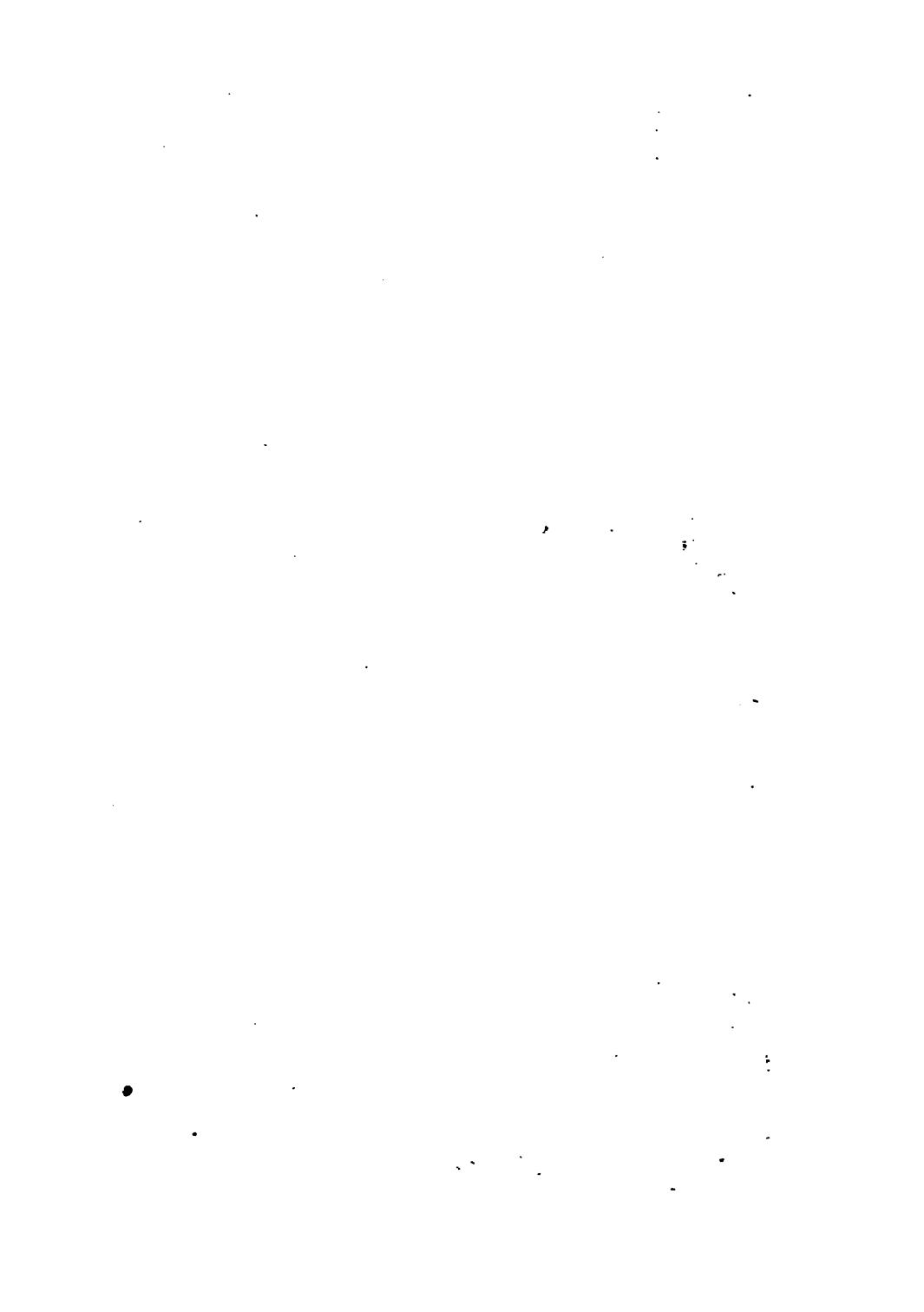




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THE MOTHER'S BOOK  
OF POETRY.





THE  
MOTHER'S BOOK OF POETRY.  
SELECTED BY  
MRS. ALFRED GATTY.



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THE illustrations to this volume have already appeared in more costly volumes. They are attached in the belief that, as the work of artists of celebrity, and as choice examples of the art of engraving which has unfortunately sunk into comparative neglect, they form an acceptable addition at a nominal charge, and that they will be appreciated by the public.





## P R E F A C E.

**E**VERYONE who aids and abets in bringing out a new collection of poetry at the present day, ought, I think, in common courtesy to the public, to show some reasonable cause for so daring an undertaking. For daring, if not impertinent, it certainly seems, to add another volume to the already long list of such works; "Gems," "Caskets," "Treasures," "Keepsakes," "Albums," &c., the endless brood which have swarmed in the literary world ever since their great grandsire, the huge royal octavo of "Elegant Extracts," first weighed down the library shelves, while the modest little "Reader" offered just a taste of its contents to the school room.

Ay! what a clumsy volume it was! people protest now-a-days against the inconvenient

weight of so many of the new books; what would they say to this old one which required two pairs of hands to hold it, or a desk to support it? And of course the contents were voluminous in proportion. They included specimens of every style of poetry then known. There was Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" at one end, and "Madam Blaize" at the other; long extracts from "Paradise Lost," here: the epigram on "Galla's hair," there, &c. Let us be thankful for the change, and for the many attempts at dividing and classifying these productions of the muse into separate portable volumes for special uses.

The present is one more such effort. It is directed to the use and comfort of mothers of families especially, who may, it is hoped, find solace and sympathy in its pages, since they treat entirely of domestic interests, feelings, and duties; of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears which alternate, in even the happiest married life.

Many hours of waiting and watching come to all good mothers, during which the newspaper is too light, and Tennyson too deep, and yet which need the stimulus of a little

mental exertion. For these we think this volume provides an ever fresh means of enjoyment.

I imagine a young mother guarding the sleep of her first-born. As she turns over these pages, with what delight will she find in them, not only sweet echoes of a mother's feelings, but of the girlhood so lately passed away, with all its tender memories, its touches of romance, its high and holy aspirations. Ah! how pleasant it is to look back on all this from the safe haven of a happy home!

Or she may, if she will, go forward and trace out step by step the career of just such a boy as the one before her. She may follow him as he first rides forth

“—— from his Father's home,”

as he buckles on his first armour, as he kneels before his first love; and her sympathy will accompany him throughout—all the more freely given that the day is so far distant when these visions will be realized; that at present, and for long enough to come, infancy is to wrap round her treasure safe, and only the cares of babyhood can be hers.

Only the cares of babyhood! ah well! they may be few, or they may be many, that rests with God. But the mother need not shrink from facing that side of the picture which we call dark. It will do her good, not harm, to read of earthly careers cut short, of flowers early transplanted from this rough wilderness world to bloom in the garden of the Lord. We think too little of the joy of those who appear in the presence of God, clothed in the white robes of unstained innocence.

By-and-by comes another phase in the mother's life. Her children are growing up round her; how much may she not do for them educationally, quite apart from lessons and masters! And what makes a more vivid and lasting impression on children's minds than verse? Both the rhythm and the rhyme of it make it easy to remember, and pleasant in the remembrance. The first hymn, the first song, the first ballad one learnt to love, how it lingers in the memory when many more important things have passed away forgotten! And although this book of ours contains no professed easy poetry for children, nor was the selection made for them

yet it treats of youth in all its stages from infancy upwards, and is eminently calculated to be of use to a mother for the educational purposes above spoken of.

Ah! with it in her hand, how pleasantly will the leisure hours in the nursery, school-room or garden pass away, in the midst of her little group for each of whom in turn she can find something suited ; something which when read aloud and spoken about, will tend to lead forward the young intelligence and awaken its best feelings. Then a little further on in life the young folks will open the book for themselves, read and re-read what they first heard as children, think their own thoughts upon it, and discover that what pleased them when little, appeals to their sympathies even more now. And thus Mother's Poetry Book becomes endeared to them by a double charm ; the charm of old memories, and the charm of present enjoyment. We should not wonder even, if such a volume, provided it turns out that the selection is happily made (as we hope it will), retains its hold on more than one generation of readers.

We have given indeed but slight sketches

of instances in which this volume will be an invaluable companion. Many more might be cited; but what we have said will surely explain the object of this compilation, and justify it, at any rate, as an experiment made in a right direction.

Now that the task has been accomplished, the question whether the selections have been judiciously made for the end in view, remains for the public, not the editor, to pronounce upon. With such authors' names as appear in the list of contents, indeed it would seem impossible to go wrong. But yet, where there is the necessity for selection, individual taste must come into play, and influence the tone of the whole. As of several people turned into a flower garden, no two would gather nosegays quite alike; so from the world-wide garden of poesy the selector culls what fits in best with his own feelings, and probably two such selections would differ more widely than the nosegays.

A few words of critical remark may be acceptable here. We are conscious of having omitted from this collection many verses (often on infants and the early death of chil-

dren), which would have been very acceptable to some of our readers, and to the young ones especially. The truth is, we are unwilling to countenance the false taste which so often prevails in modern poetry of this kind. Good feeling and piety are not wanting in such verses, it is true, nay, are commonly present in abundance; but their utterances are common-place, prosily lengthened out, often overwhelmed with epithets, and weak in proportion from any one or all of these defects.

We speak strongly on this point, because one of our aims, as before hinted, is educational, and we aspire in some degree to guide the taste of young readers, among whom, be it observed, are sure to be found a few who aim at doing more than reading what is written —namely, at writing what shall be read. Now such juvenile scribblers are of all people the most liable to fall into the errors first touched upon. From the sin of uttering common-places, indeed, it is hardly possible they should be exempt. To those just entering

“ That new world which is the old,”

every thought which stirs the brain has the freshness of novelty, and they hope it may have the same for others ; a mistake from which they do not easily awake.

It takes years, and the experiences of reading, to convince them how many of their thoughts have been not only thought, but uttered before. Young writers are rarely original therefore ; but the other two faults they can avoid, prosiness and a redundancy of epithets. As they hope for future success, then, let beginners try to express their thoughts in as few, not as many words, as simple, not as complicated language, as possible. Many a pretty thought which would be known as such, if simply stated, falls flat on the mind by the tediousness of its expression, causing the mind of the reader to wander from the subject, even while the sounds of it are ringing in the ears.

As to the overcharge of epithets there is perhaps no fault so common, and it is by no means confined to beginners, though in them it is occasionally rampant. We have seen pages of MS. in which the adjectives were to the nouns in the proportion of three

to one. One idea of the writers in these cases is, that the more highly a picture is coloured the more striking is the effect produced; but this is not necessarily true either in art or literature. Compare the brown or grey sketches of a Claude, a Vandervelde, or a Turner, with the brightest daub of a modern tyro, and learn to worship the strength as well as beauty of the goddess Simplicity. Yes; if there be a quality which we would recommend to the study of both readers and writers, it is Simplicity. As a general rule, what is worth saying is best said plainly. Florid language is a dangerous tool in any hands but those of consummate genius.

We may be reproached here with inconsistency in introducing several poems by Mrs. Hemans, who certainly is not clear from the charge of a frequent overload of epithets. The answer is, that her case is an exceptional one, for the fault is more than counterbalanced by the tender beauty of her thoughts, and her profound insight into the emotions that stir the depths of domestic life.

Devotees of the English classics on the

other hand, will blame us for the omission of Milton's poem, "On the death of a fair Infant dying of a cough," and truly the first lines are tempting enough :

" Oh fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly!"

but alas ! it breaks away immediately afterwards into Heathen mythology, and only returns to Christianity in the last stanza almost.

XI.

" Then thou the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent."

Now, in spite of the high authority of such a poet as Milton, we venture to pronounce this mixture vile. If it were objectionable on no other grounds, it is so from the air of unreality it gives to the feelings expressed. Who in real affliction at the loss of a child would care to enter into the far-fetched idea of its illness being due to a kiss from one of the gods of Olympus, or listen with patience to eight and a half stanzas out of eleven,

devoted to this and kindred subjects? And so for mothers this poem (with the exception of the lines above cited) is a dead letter.

For, domestic poetry, to be worth anything to those for whom it is written, MUST be sympathetic, otherwise the most artistic efforts are like a man devoid of charity, “as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal.” And such in reality is this poem of Milton’s as a whole; an opinion which we might have been loth to state so boldly, but for our wish that this volume should prove educational—give a tone in fact to the reader’s taste. Nay, we might well have doubted our own judgment in criticising the work of so eminent a master, but that “*aetate 17*” is prefixed to this work of his. Only seventeen, and in the full flush of classic enthusiasm! what wonder that when the death of a baby became the subject of his muse, his pre-occupied mind gave it a twist in the accustomed direction. He may even have thought thereby to do honour to the poor lost child and its mother. Sympathy with, or even knowledge of her feelings it was impossible he could have. Well, it may be some comfort to the producers of

namby-pamby common-places to know there is a fault in another direction, and that Milton was guilty of it. The moral we wish to point is, that sincerity and sympathy of feeling are essential to all good domestic poetry ; what is to touch the heart must come from the heart, for insincerity is sure to betray itself ; make the writing vapid or irrelevant, and send the reader to sleep. And if to these first essentials, simplicity of language is added, then you get such utter perfection as Longfellow's "Children's Hour," Kingsley's "Farewell," and happily many others. Less perfect efforts, varying in merit, may err in some things and excel in others ; but to be a comfort and pleasure to its readers, domestic poetry must be free from affectation of every sort, must be the heartfelt utterances of a tender heart.

In conclusion, we beg to offer our grateful thanks to the authors who have kindly permitted us to insert their poems in this collection.

EDITOR.



## CHILDHOOD.

 HERE was a time when I was very small,  
 When my whole frame was but an ell  
       in height,  
 Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
 And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
 I rode a-horseback on best father's knee ;  
 Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,  
 And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seem'd to me this world far less in size,  
 Likewise it seem'd to me less wicked far ;  
 Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,  
 And long'd for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun through western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,  
Dropp'd, clustering, from His hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:  
"O gentle God! O let me strive alway  
Still to be wise and good, and follow Thee!"

So pray'd I for my father and my mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the town;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,  
Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perish'd, the blithe days of boyhood, perish'd,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew !  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherish'd ;—  
God ! may I never, never, lose that too !

*Translated from the Danish of Jens Baggesen,  
By H. W. Longfellow.*

## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

## EXULTATION.

 HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and  
clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven :  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter ;  
My birthday lessons are done ;  
The lambs play always, they know no better ;  
They are only one times one.

O moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing,  
And shining so round and low ;  
You were bright ! ah, bright ! but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in  
heaven,  
That God has hidden your face ?  
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powder'd your legs with gold !  
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !  
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper,  
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it ;  
I will not steal them away ;  
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—  
I am seven times one to-day.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## SONNET.

**M**OTHER, revere God's image in thy child  
No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold ;  
No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath  
told  
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,  
Rests its weak head. O, not by sense beguiled  
Gaze on that form of perishable mould ;  
Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,  
Yet not for thee existence must it hold,  
For God's it is, not thine. Thou art but one  
To whom that happy destiny is given,  
To see an everlasting life begun,  
To watch the dawnings of the future heaven,  
And to be such in purity and love  
As best may win it to that life above !

*Emily Taylor.*

## SOFT, SOFT WIND.

 OFT, soft wind, from out the sweet south  
sliding,  
Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the  
summer sea ;  
Thin, thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining  
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe  
and me.

Deep, deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,  
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea ;  
Worn, weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,  
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my helpless babe  
and me.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## A DOLL.

 ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world ;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curl'd.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I play'd in the heath one day ;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears ;  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I play'd on the heath one day :  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all wash'd away,  
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curl'd :  
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

*Charles Kingsley.*



## IN SWANAGE BAY.

“  WAS five and forty year ago,  
 Just such another morn,  
 The fishermen were on the beach,  
 The reapers in the corn ;  
 My tale is true, young gentlemen,  
 As sure as you were born.

“ My tale’s all true, young gentlemen,”  
 The fond old boatman cried  
 Unto the sullen, angry lads,  
 Who vain obedience tried ;  
 “ Mind what your father says to you,  
 And don’t go out this tide.

“ Just such a shiny sea as this,  
 Smooth as a pond, you’d say,  
 And white gulls flying, and the crafts  
 Down Channel making way ;  
 And Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,  
 Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

“ The Battery point, the Race beyond,  
    Just as to-day you see ;  
This was, I think, the very stone  
    Where sat Dick, Dolly, and me ;  
She was our little sister, sirs,  
    A small child, just turn’d three.

“ And Dick was mighty fond of her :  
    Though a big lad and bold,  
He’d carry her like any nurse,  
    Almost from birth, I’m told ;  
For mother sicken’d soon, and died,  
    When Doll was eight months old.

“ We sat and watch’d a little boat,  
    Her name the ‘Tricksy Jane,’  
A queer old tub laid up ashore,  
    But we could see her plain ;  
To see her and not haul her up  
    Cost us a deal of pain.

“ Said Dick to me, ‘ Let’s have a pull,  
    Father will never know,  
He’s busy in his wheat up there,  
    And cannot see us go :

These landsmen are such cowards, if  
A puff of wind does blow.

“ I’ve been to France and back three times—  
Who knows best, Dad or me,  
Whether a craft’s sea-worthy or not?—  
Dolly, wilt go to sea?  
And Dolly laugh’d, and hugg’d him tight,  
As pleased as she could be.

“ I don’t mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick:  
What he did, sure I’d do :  
And many a sail in ‘ Tricksy Jane ’  
We’d had when she was new.  
Father was always sharp ; and what  
He said, he meant it too.

“ But now the sky had not a cloud,  
The bay look’d smooth as glass ;  
Our Dick could manage any boat,  
As neat as ever was ;  
And Dolly crow’d, ‘ Me go to sea !’  
The jolly little lass !

“ Well, sirs, we went ; a pair of oars,  
My jacket for a sail ;

Just round ' Old Harry and his Wife'—  
Those rocks there, within hail—  
And we came back.—D'ye want to hear  
The end o' the old man's tale ?

“ Ay, ay, we came back, past that point,  
But then a breeze up-sprung ;  
Dick shouted, ‘ Hoy ! down sail ! ’ and pull'd  
With all his might among  
The white sea-horses that uprear'd  
So terrible and strong.

“ I pull'd too ; I was blind with fear—  
But I could hear Dick's breath  
Coming and going, as he told  
Dolly to creep beneath  
His jacket, and not hold him so :  
We row'd for life or death.

“ We almost reach'd the shelter'd bay,  
We could see father stand  
Upon the little jetty here,  
His sickle in his hand—  
The houses white, the yellow fields,  
The safe and pleasant land.

“ And Dick, though pale as any ghost,  
Had only said to me,  
‘ We’re all right now, old lad !’ when up  
A wave roll’d—drench’d us three—  
One lurch—and then I felt the chill  
And roar of blinding sea.

“ I don’t remember much but that—  
You see, I’m safe and sound ;  
I have been wreck’d four times since then,  
Seen queer sights, I’ll be bound :  
I think folks sleep beneath the deep,  
As calm as under ground.”

“ But Dick and Dolly ?” “ Well, poor Dick !  
I saw him rise and cling  
Unto the gunwale of the boat—  
Floating keel up—and sing  
Out loud, ‘ Where’s Doll ?’—I hear him yet,  
As clear as anything.

“ ‘ Where’s Dolly ?’ I no answer made ;  
For she dropp’d like a stone  
Down through the deep sea—and it closed :  
The little thing was gone.

‘Where’s Doll?’ three times—then Dick loosed hold,  
And left me there alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

“It’s five and forty year since then,”  
Mutter’d the boatman grey,  
And drew his rough hand o’er his eyes,  
And stared across the bay ;  
“Just five and forty year !” and not  
Another word did say.

“But Dolly?” ask the children all,  
As they about him stand ;—  
“Poor Doll ! she floated back next tide  
With seaweed in her hand.  
She’s buried o’er that hill you see,  
In a churchyard on land.

“But where Dick lies, God knows ! He’ll find  
Our Dick at judgment day.”—  
The boatman fell to mending nets,  
The boys ran off to play ;  
And the sun shone and the waves danced  
In quiet Swanage Bay.

*By the Author of “John Halifax, Gentleman.”*

## A LULLABY FOR OLD FOLKS.



ULLABY, father, evening is come,  
 When the sun sets 'tis time to be home ;  
 When the day dies the day's work should  
 end,  
 Lullaby, father, sleep is a friend.

Lullaby, mother, rest in your chair,  
 Grown are the babes who needed your care ;  
 Weary is toil, but short is the day,  
 Happy the sleep that bears it away.

*Margaret Gatty.*

## THE LITTLE SHROUD.



HE put him on a snow-white shroud,  
 A chaplet on his head,  
 And gather'd early primroses  
 To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—  
 'Twas hard to lay him there,  
 When Spring was putting forth its flowers,  
 And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now  
The last of them was gone ;  
And day and night she sat and wept  
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears  
Were falling with the dew,  
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child  
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white :  
He said,—“ I cannot sleep,  
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;  
O mother, do not weep ! ”

Oh, love is strong !—the mother’s heart  
Was fill’d with tender fears ;  
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child  
Her grief restrain’d its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,  
And there she saw him stand—  
Her infant in his little shroud,  
A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,  
And I can sleep once more!”  
And beautiful the parting smile  
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave  
He laid his weary head;  
And soon the early violets  
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—  
Again she knelt in prayer,  
And only ask'd of Heaven its aid  
Her heavy lot to bear.

*L. E. L.*

#### ALICE FELL; OR POVERTY.

HE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had  
drown'd;  
When suddenly I seem'd to hear  
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound,—and more and more ;  
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy call'd out ;  
He stopp'd his horses at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smack'd his whip, and fast  
The horses scamper'd through the rain :  
But hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I made him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,  
“ What can it be, this piteous moan ? ”  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

“ My cloak ! ” no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break ;  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

“What ails you, child?”—she sobb’d, “Look here!”  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e’er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

’Twas twisted between nave and spoke,  
Her help she lent, and with good heed ;  
Together we released the cloak,  
A wretched, wretched rag indeed !

“And whither are you going, child,  
To-night, along these lonesome ways ?”  
“To Durham,” answer’d she, half wild—  
“Then come with me into the chaise.”

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

“My child, in Durham do you dwell ?”  
She check’d herself in her distress,  
And said, “My name is Alice Fell ;  
I’m fatherless and motherless,



“ And I to Durham, sir, belong.”  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;  
And all was for her tatter’d cloak !

The chaise drove on ; our journey’s end  
Was nigh ; and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend,  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post ;  
Of Alice and her grief I told ;  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old :

“ And let it be of duffil grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell ! ”  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

*W. Wordsworth.*

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.



H ! call my brother back to me !  
 I cannot play alone ;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee,—  
 Where is my brother gone ?

“ The butterfly is glancing bright  
 Across the sunbeam’s track ;  
 I care not now to chase its flight—  
 Oh ! call my brother back !

“ The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow’d  
 Around our garden-tree ;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh ! call him back to me !”

“ He would not hear my voice, fair child,  
 He may not come to thee ;  
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
 On earth no more thou’lt see.

“A rose's brief, bright light of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in heaven!”

“And has he left his birds and flowers?  
And must I call in vain?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,  
Would I had loved him more!”

*Felicia Hemans.*

#### LITTLE CHILDREN.

 PORTING through the forest wide;  
Playing by the waterside;  
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,  
Down within the woodland dells;  
All among the mountains wild  
Dwelleth many a little child!

In the baron's hall of pride,  
By the poor man's dull fireside ;  
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,  
Little children may be seen,  
Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless, everywhere !

In the far isles of the main ;  
In the desert's lone domain ;  
In the savage mountain glen,  
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;  
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,  
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found !  
Blessings on them ! they in me  
Move a kindly sympathy,  
With their wishes, hopes and fears ;  
With their laughter and their tears ;  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience !

Little children, not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known.

'Mid its labours and its cares,  
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;—  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod,  
In the presence of your God,  
Spotless, blameless, glorified,  
Little children, ye abide !

*Mary Howitt.*



## TO A CHILD.



EAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's  
knee,

With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,

Thou gazest at the painted tiles,

Whose figures grace,

With many a grotesque form and face,

The ancient chimney of thy nursery !

The lady with the gay macaw,

The dancing girl, the grave bashaw

With bearded lip and chin ;

And, leaning idly o'er his gate,

Beneath the imperial fan of state,

The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command

Thou shakest in thy little hand

The coral rattle with its silver bells,

Making a merry tune !

Thousands of years in Indian seas

That coral grew, by slow degrees,

Until some deadly and wild monsoon

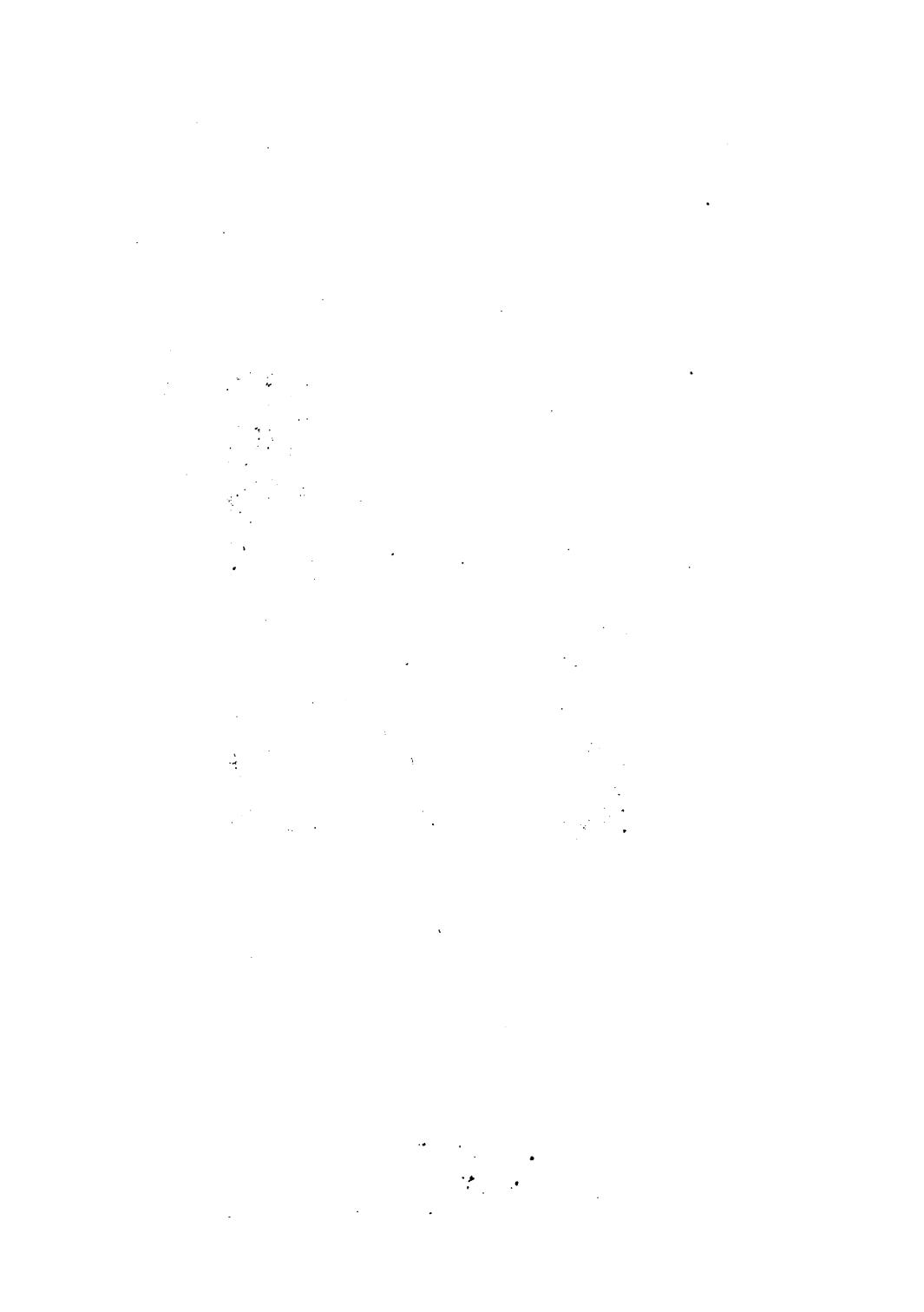
Dash'd it on Coromandel's sand !







*To a Child*



Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships pass'd the stormy cape ;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutch'd the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betray'd  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round



The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
And yonder meadows broad and damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread ;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee ?  
Out, out ! into the open air !  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
With cheeks as round and red as they :  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden walks,  
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace ;  
And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roof'd tents,

That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

What ! tired already ! with those suppliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,  
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with repose !  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
And shining with the argent light of dews,  
Shall for a season be our place of rest,  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam :  
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscover'd land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate !  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear ;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !

Like the new moon thy life appears;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the over-burden'd brain,  
Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
Like a jarr'd pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppress'd,  
From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate

On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And form'd the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.

Thy destiny remains untold ;  
 For like Acestes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO A DYING INFANT.



LEEP, little baby ! sleep !  
 Not in thy cradle bed,  
 Not on thy mother's breast  
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
 But with the quiet dead.

Yes ! with the quiet dead,  
 Baby, thy rest shall be !  
 Oh ! many a weary wight,  
 Weary of life and light,  
 Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling !  
 Flee to thy grassy nest ;  
 There the first flowers shall blow,  
 The first pure flake of snow  
 Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
Labours with shortening breath:—  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh!—  
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
A thing all health and glee;  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful as now,  
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,  
Like harebells wet with dew—  
Already veil'd and hid  
By the convulsed lid,  
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—  
Thy soft lip quivering,  
As if, like summer-air,  
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there  
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !  
Young spirit, haste, depart !—  
And is this death ?—dread thing !  
If such thy visiting,  
Now beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever  
Upon thy waxen face :  
So passionless, so pure !—  
The little shrine was sure  
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !  
Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart ;—  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one ;  
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp cold earth,—  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,  
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;  
Then, waken'd with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till memory on the soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep,  
And think the livelong night  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight ;

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,—  
And all his little wiles !

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother !  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
E'en on this gloomy track ?

Thou'l't say—" My first-born blessing,  
It almost broke my heart  
When thou wert forced to go !  
And yet for thee, I know,  
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in His mercy,  
A lamb, untask'd, untried !  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified !

“ I look around, and see  
The evil ways of men ;  
And oh ! beloved child !  
I’m more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

“ The little arms that clasp’d me,  
The innocent lips that press’d,—  
Would they have been as pure  
’Till now, as when of yore  
I lull’d thee on my breast ?

“ Now, like a dew-drop shrined,  
Within a crystal stone,  
Thou’rt safe in Heaven, my dove !  
Safe with the Source of Love,  
The Everlasting One !

“ And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at Heaven’s gate,  
To meet and welcome me !”

*Caroline Southey.*

## WE ARE SEVEN.



SIMPLE child

That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ? ”  
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering look'd at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answer’d, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be ?”

Then did the little maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we :  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”  
The little maid replied,  
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,  
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we play’d,  
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,  
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”  
The little maiden did reply,  
“ O master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead : those two are dead,  
Their spirits are in heaven.”  
’Twas throwing words away : for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

*W. Wordsworth.*



## THE DYING CHILD.

 OTHER, I am tired ; I long to sleep so !  
 Let thy bosom be my sleeping place :  
 Only promise me thou wilt not weep so,—  
 For thy tears fall burning on my face.  
 Here 'tis cold, and there the clouds are fleeting ;  
 But in dreamland there are sunny skies ;  
 And the angel-children give me greeting,  
 Soon as I have closed my wearied eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, mother ?  
 Dost thou hear the music of his wings ?  
 White they are ; they shine on one another ;  
 Beautiful from God the light he brings !  
 Rosy wings are coming, too, from heaven ;  
 Angel-children wave them as they fly :—  
 Mother, shall I live till *mine* are given ?  
 Or, before I get them, must I die ?

Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest ?  
 Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine ?  
 Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest :—  
 Surely, mother, I shall still be thine !

Thou hast promised me thou wouldest not weep so :  
 If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee !  
 Oh, I am so tired ; I long to sleep so !—  
 Mother, look ! the angel kisses me.

*Translated from the Danish of Hans  
 C. Andersen by H. Ward.*

## JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.

 WHAT a miserable May !  
 Too cold to ride or walk or play,  
 You children stay'd indoors all day,  
 Not *too* good, that's soon seen !  
 Well, well, what's past we'd best forget ;  
 Papa's come home out of the wet,  
 And, children, what do you think he met ?—  
 Jack-in-the-green.

Jack-in-the-green's a moving bower  
 Deck'd with green bough and paper flower ;  
 Within it walks for many an hour  
 Under his leafy screen,  
 Some poor sweep lad, while others, gay  
 In tatter'd finery, round him play ;  
 For 'tis the sweep's one holiday,  
 Jack-in-the-green.

And after Jack there always goes  
A tawdry lass with pinch'd-up toes,  
Bright painted cheeks like cabbage-rose,  
    And frock of spangled sheen,  
Who dances, dances as she can,  
And half-pence begs from boy or man ;  
And her they call “ Maid Marian ”  
    To Jack-in-the-green.

As o'er the fire we cheerful sit,  
And our warm feet encircling it,  
Though the rain pelts, care not a bit  
    That May like March has been,—  
Children, shall father tell to you  
A little tale, perhaps as true  
As many a book-tale, and as new,  
    Of what to-day he has seen ?

He stopp'd to watch the sweeps advance ;  
Maid Marian began her dance  
("Twas by Snow Hill, where horses prance,  
    And cabs drive headlong down).  
A child she was, thin, small of size,  
With an old face, too sharp and wise  
For any child, and heavy eyes,  
    And long curls hanging brown.

Across the full street moves the show,  
Jack-in-the-green first, staggering slow,  
The fife and Pan's-pipes after go,  
Maid Marian skips between :  
Up comes policeman with a frown ;  
Away flies Marian's flaunting gown,  
The horses rear—ah ! they've knock'd down  
Poor Jack-in-the-green.

\*       \*       \*       \*

My little children, snug and warm,  
And shelter'd from all kind of harm,  
I'm glad you did not see that form  
Papa pick'd up to-day  
Out of the street, and carried where  
Kind people of sick folk take care,—  
A hospital, they call it,—there  
At last the poor lad lay,

Quiet, upon his tidy bed,  
With pale Maid Marian at his head,  
In yellow gauze and tassels red,  
And white frock drench'd with rain ;  
Hardly a word she said, until  
The doctors went away, and still  
He never stir'd ; then “Brother Will !”  
She whisper'd ; but in vain.

Half doubtfully my face she scann'd,  
And touch'd me with a timorous hand—  
“Sir, you're a doctor—understand  
    So much—please will you tell  
A poor girl who's no father got,  
Whom everybody has forgot ;  
I mean no harm, sir—whether or not  
    Poor Will may soon be well ?

“There's only Brother Will and me,  
And he sweeps chimneys, sir, do you see ?  
And very very kind is he ;  
    Does all that lad can do :  
By being Jack-in-the-green this May,  
He thought he'd get”—she stopp'd to lay  
Her hand on his—and drew it away—  
    “O, Will, this can't be you !”

But Will (perhaps he heard the child,  
Though he was dying, children,) smiled,  
As dying people do—so mild  
    His face, so bright and clear.  
“Bessy !”—it sounded far away—  
Like voices heard in evening grey :  
“Tell Bessy”—What he meant to say,  
    Bessy must wait to hear.

Must wait, my children, till God call  
Both rich and poor, and great and small,  
Into His presence one and all :  
    Ending both death and pain ;  
Where, howe'er old on earth she grow,  
And he in heaven be changed also,  
I think, poor Bessy sure will know  
    Her brother Will again.

And so, my children, do not weep,  
For Will is only gone to sleep ;  
And Bessy—why, we'll Bessy keep  
    To sweep our nursery clean :  
And after all her tears are dried,  
Learn good things at mamma's dear side ;  
Till he'd be almost glad he died—  
    Poor Jack-in-the-green !

*By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."*

## HOLY THURSDAY.

 WAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent  
faces clean,  
The children walking two and two, in red,  
and blue, and green ;  
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as  
white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's, they like Thames'  
waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of  
London town,  
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all  
their own :  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of  
lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and girls, raising their  
innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the  
voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven  
among :

Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of  
the poor.

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your  
door.

*William Blake.*

### CHILDHOOD.



CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life !  
Free from care, and free from strife ;  
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,  
Fraught with scenes of former pain ;  
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,  
Fabricating future ill :  
Time, when all that meets the view,  
All can charm for all is new,  
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball,  
Caught rebounding from the wall ;  
Then the mimic ship to guide  
Down the kennel's dirty tide ;  
Then the hoop's revolving pace  
Through the dirty street to chase :

O what joy!—it once was mine,  
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!  
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
Never, never to return!

*Sir W. Scott.*

### THE STORM.



HE tempest rages wild and high,  
The waves lift up their voice and cry  
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—

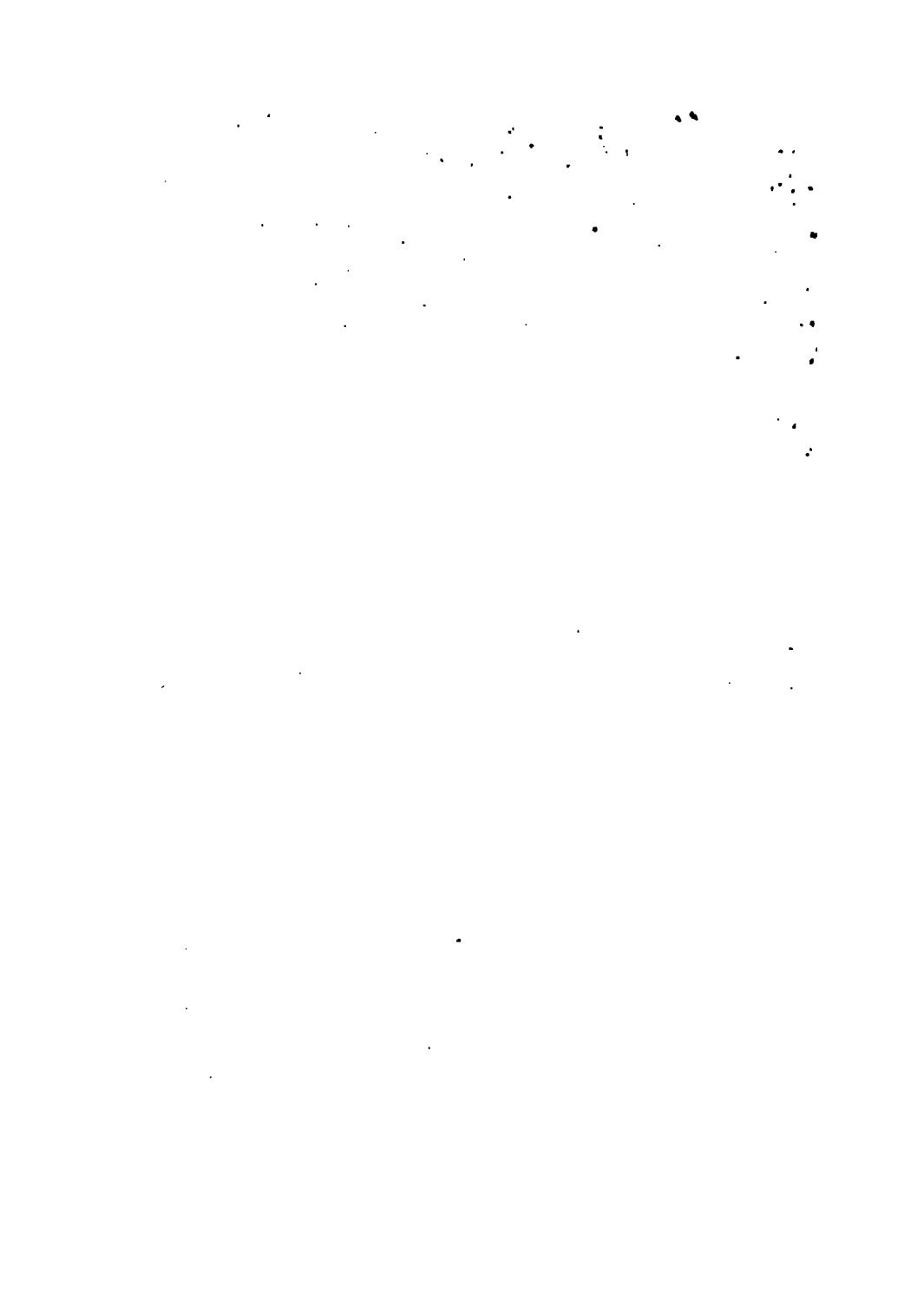
*Miserere Domine.*

Through the black night and driving rain,  
A ship is struggling, all in vain  
To live upon the stormy main ;—

*Miserere Domine.*

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,  
Vain is it now to strive or dare;  
A cry goes up of great despair,—

*Miserere Domine.*







*The Storm*



The stormy voices of the main,  
The moaning wind, and pelting rain  
Beat on the nursery window-pane :—

*Miserere Domine.*

Warm curtain'd was the little bed,  
Soft pillow'd was the little head ;  
“ The storm will wake the child,” they said :—

*Miserere Domine.*

Cowering among his pillows white,  
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,  
“ Father, save those at sea to-night !”—

*Miserere Domine.*

The morning shone all clear and gay,  
On a ship at anchor in the bay,  
And on a little child at play,—

*Gloria tibi Domine!*

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

HAT does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away.  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger.  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
 Let me rise and fly away.  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger.  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
 Baby too shall fly away.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

## SWEET AND LOW.

WEET and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea !  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
 Blow him again to me ;  
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon ;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon ;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon :  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with the angels."



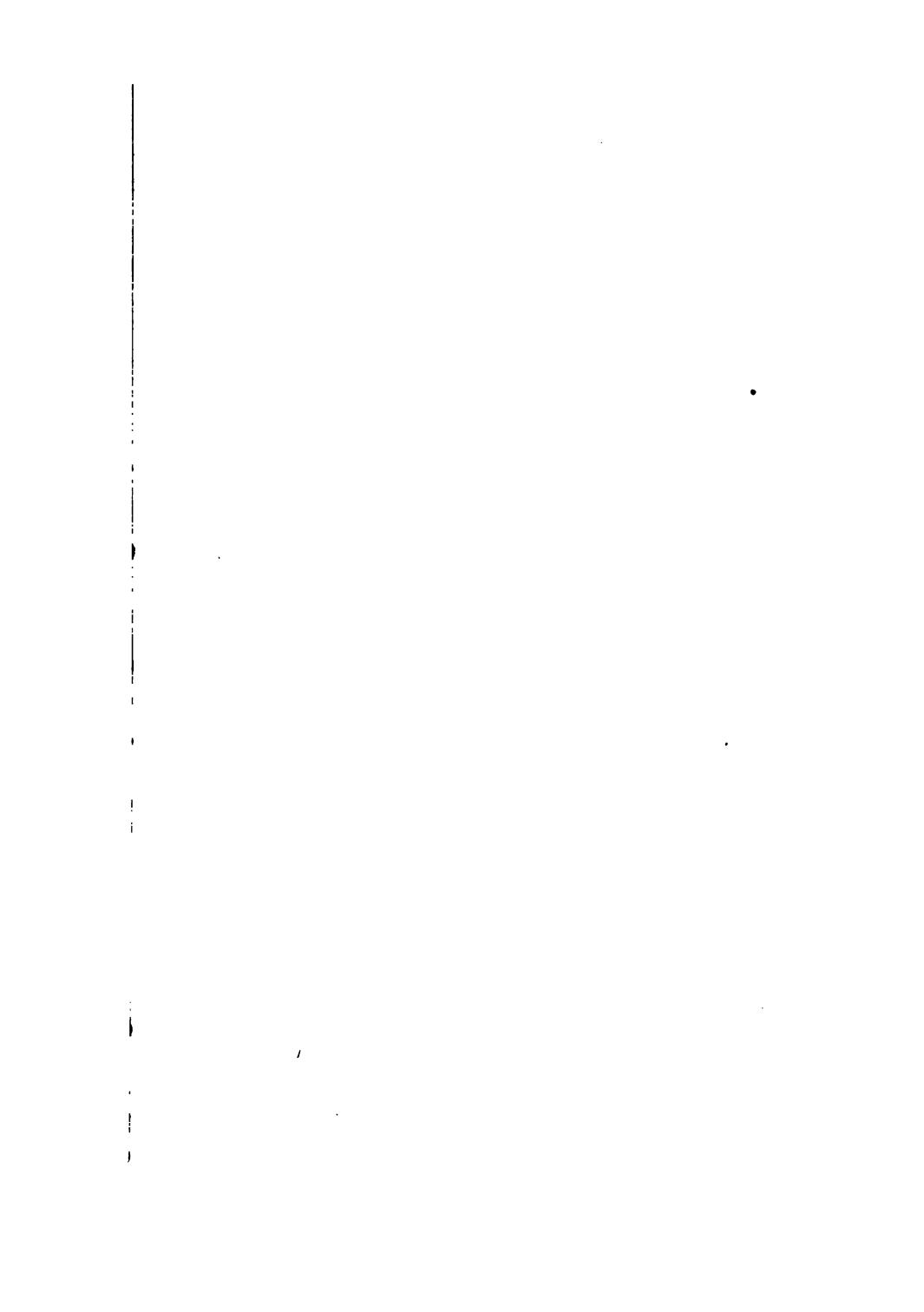
BABY was sleeping,  
 Its mother was weeping,  
 For her husband was far on the wild  
     raging sea,  
 And the tempest was swelling  
     Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back  
     to me."

Her beads while she number'd,  
 The baby still slumber'd,  
 And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;  
 Oh, bless'd be that warning,  
     My child, thy sleep adorning,  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

And while they are keeping  
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
 Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,  
     And say thou would'st rather  
     They'd watch o'er thy father!  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.









*The Angels Whisper*



The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
    And closely caressing  
    Her child, with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with  
thee."

*Samuel Lover.*

### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.



HEN my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry, "Weep! weep! weep!  
    weep!"

So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,  
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's  
    bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight ;  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and  
Jack,  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free ;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,  
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and  
warm :  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

*William Blake.*





*Walk in a Churchyard*





## A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

E walk'd within the churchyard bounds,  
 My little boy and I—  
 He laughing, running happy rounds,  
 I pacing mournfully.

“ Nay, child ! it is not well,” I said,  
 “ Among the graves to shout,  
 To laugh and play among the dead,  
 And make this noisy rout.”

A moment to my side he clung,  
 Leaving his merry play,  
 A moment still'd his joyous tongue,  
 Almost as hush'd as they ;

Then, quite forgetting the command  
 In life's exulting burst  
 Of early glee, let go my hand,  
 Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,  
For, taught by Nature's face,  
I had grown wiser than before,  
Even in that moment's space :

*She* spread no funeral pall above  
That patch of churchyard ground,  
But the same azure vault of love  
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,  
As freely as elsewhere ;  
The sunshine on no other grass  
A richer hue might wear.

And form'd from out that very mould  
In which the dead did lie,  
The daisy with its eye of gold  
Look'd up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,  
Nor hasten'd to be gone—  
The small bird did its glad notes shed,  
Perch'd on a grey head-stone.

And God, I said, would never give  
    This light upon the earth,  
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live  
    These springs of gushing mirth,

If our one wisdom were to mourn,  
    And linger with the dead,  
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn  
    Of worm, and earthy bed.

Oh no, the glory earth puts on,  
    The child's uncheck'd delight,  
Both witness to a triumph won—  
    (If we but judge aright),

A triumph won o'er sin and death,  
    From these the Saviour saves ;  
And, like a happy infant, Faith  
    Can play among the graves.

*Archbishop Trench.*

## CATECHISM.

 H say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
 To childish ears are vain,  
 That the young mind at random floats,  
 And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
 And yet the heaven-taught mind  
 May learn the sacred air, and all  
 The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,  
 Taught by degrees to pray,  
 By father dear and mother mild  
 Instructed day by day?

And loved He not of Heaven to talk  
 With children in His sight,  
 To meet them in His daily walk,  
 And to His arms invite?

What though around His throne of fire  
The everlasting chant  
Be wafted from the seraph choir  
In glory jubilant?

Yet stoops He, ever pleased to mark  
Our rude essays of love,  
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,  
Heard by some twilight grove :

Yet is He near us, to survey  
These bright and order'd files,  
Like spring-flowers in their best array,  
All silence and all smiles.

Save that each little voice in turn  
Some glorious truth proclaims,  
What sages would have died to learn,  
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,  
What are all prayers beneath  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thought they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,

Higher above our meaning soar  
Than we o'er children weak :

And yet His words mean more than they,  
And yet He owns their praise :  
Why should we think, He turns away  
From infants' simple lays ?

*John Keble.*

### THE CHILD ANGEL.

ITTLE tongues that chatter, chatter,  
Little feet that patter, patter,  
With a ceaseless motion all the day ;  
Little eyes that softly lighten,  
Little cheeks that flush and brighten,  
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken  
Thoughts of one who has been taken—  
Of a little heart that beats no more—  
Of a little voice that's ringing,  
'Mid the angels sweetly singing  
Songs of gladness on a distant shore !

*Robert Gray.*





*Childhood*





## CHILDHOOD.

N my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
 Upon the days gone by; to act in thought  
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;  
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,  
 Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay  
 flowers,  
 Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)  
 Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
 Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn  
 Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
 That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

*Charles Lamb.*

## A COMFORTER.

ILL she come to me, little Effie,  
 Will she come in my arms to rest,  
 And nestle her head on my shoulder,  
 While the sun goes down in the west?

“ I and Effie will sit together,  
All alone in this great armchair :—  
Is it silly to mind it, darling,  
When life is so hard to bear ?

“ No one comforts me like my Effie,  
Just I think that she does not try,—  
Only looks with a wistful wonder  
Why grown people should ever cry ;

“ While her little soft arms close tighter  
Round my neck in their clinging hold :—  
Well, I must not cry on your hair, dear,  
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

“ I am tired of trying to read, dear ;  
It is worse to talk and seem gay :  
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,  
It is useless to thrust away.

“ Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,  
But one always knows it before ;  
And the reasoning down one’s sorrow  
Seems to make one suffer the more.

“ But my Effie won’t reason, will she ?  
Or endeavour to understand ;  
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me,  
As she strokes my face with her hand.

“ If you break your plaything yourself, dear,  
Don’t you cry for it all the same ?  
I don’t think it is such a comfort,  
One has only oneself to blame.

“ People say things cannot be help’d, dear,  
But then that is the reason why ;  
For if things could be help’d or alter’d,  
One would never sit down to cry :

“ They say, too, that tears are quite useless  
To undo, amend, or restore,—  
When I think *how* useless, my Effie,  
Then my tears only fall the more.

“ All to-day I struggled against it ;  
But that does not make sorrow cease ;  
And now, dear, it is such a comfort  
To be able to cry in peace.

“ Though wise people would call that folly,  
And remonstrate with grave surprise ;  
We won’t mind what they say, my Effie ;—  
We never professed to be wise.

“ But my comforter knows a lesson,  
Wiser, truer than all the rest :—  
That to help and to heal a sorrow,  
Love and silence are always best.

“ Well, who is my comforter—tell me ?  
Effie smiles, but she will not speak ;  
Or look up through the long curl’d lashes  
That are shading her rosy cheek.

“ Is she thinking of talking fishes,  
The blue-bird, or magical tree ?  
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,  
Of something that never can be.

“ You long—don’t you, dear ?—for the Genii,  
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings ;  
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,—  
I want as impossible things.

“But hark ! there is Nurse calling Effie !  
It is bedtime, so run away ;  
And I must go back, or the others  
Will be wondering why I stay.

“So good-night to my darling Effie ;  
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise :—  
There’s one kiss for her golden tresses,  
And two for her sleepy eyes.”

*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

### TO MY CHILD.

 HEY say thou art not fair to others’ eyes,  
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine !  
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks  
What name, what home, what parentage are thine ;  
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,  
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful ?—to me it seems  
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair,  
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips,

The light that falls upon thy shining hair,  
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek,  
Must *all* of nature's endless beauty speak !

The very pillow which thy head hath prest  
Through the past night, a picture brings to me  
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,  
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee ;  
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,  
The mother's lingering gaze, and long "good-night."

Yea, even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,  
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun),  
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,  
A something bright and fair to gaze upon :  
I press thy little eager hand the while,  
And do not even turn to see thee smile !

Art thou not beautiful?—I hear thy voice,  
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth,  
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet  
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring earth.  
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine ;—I fear  
Love hath bewitch'd mine eyes, my only dear.

Beauty is that which dazzles—that which strikes—  
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,  
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise  
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along ;  
Sunbeams are beautiful, and gilded halls,  
Wide terraces, and showery waterfalls.

Yet there are things which through the gazing eye  
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,  
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,  
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above ;  
A look that was on childhood's resting-place,  
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart  
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress ;  
And what it could not say was BEAUTIFUL,  
Yet gain'd the dearer term of LOVELINESS.  
The *loved* are *lovely*—as art thou to me,  
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see.

*Honble. Mrs. Norton.*

## THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

 O not mind my crying, Papa, I am not  
 crying for pain.  
 Do not mind my shaking, Papa, I am not  
 shaking with fear ;  
 Though the wild wild wind is hideous to hear,  
 And I see the snow and the rain.  
 When will you come back again,  
 Papa, Papa ?

Somebody else that you love, Papa,  
 Somebody else that you dearly love  
 Is weary, like me, because you're away.  
 Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,  
 And I seem to know what they're going to say ;  
 And every day, and all the long day,  
 I long to cry, "Oh ! Mama, Mama,  
 When will Papa come back again ?"

But before I can say it I see the pain  
Creeping up on her white white cheek,  
As the sweet sad sunshine creeps up the white wall,  
And then I am sorry, and fear to speak ;  
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,  
As the sad sweet sunshine goes from the wall.  
Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall,  
That I might throw my arms round her neck  
And say, " Dear Mama, oh, what is it all  
That I see and see and do not see  
In your white white face all the livelong day ? "  
But she hides her grief from a child like me.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, Papa ?

Where were you going, Papa, Papa ?  
All this long while have you been on the sea ?  
When she looks as if she saw far away,  
Is she thinking of you, and what does she see ?  
Are the white sails blowing,  
And the blue men rowing,  
And are you standing on the high deck  
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew grey,  
And we watch'd and watch'd till the ship was a speck,  
And the dark came first to you, far away ?

I wish I could see what she can see,  
But she hides her grief from a child like me.

When will you come back again,  
Papa, Papa ?

Don't you remember, Papa, Papa,  
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,  
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,  
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,  
And knock like men at the window-pane ;  
And the louder they roar'd, oh, it seem'd more sweet  
To be warm and warm as we used to be,  
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.

When will you come back again,  
Papa, Papa ?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire ;  
Why does she sit far away in the cold ?  
If I had but somebody wise and old,  
That every day I might cry and say,  
" Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget ?  
Was she always as white as she is to-day ?  
Did she never carry her head up higher ?"  
Papa, Papa, if I could but know !  
Do you think her voice was always so low ?

Did I always see what I seem to see  
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?  
You used to say her hair it was gold—  
It looks like silver to me.  
But still she tells the same tale that she told,  
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,  
And the house goes on as it went long ago,  
When we lived together, all three.  
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, Papa,  
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.  
Is she changed, do you think, Papa,  
Or did I dream she was brighter before ?

She makes me remember my snowdrop, Papa,  
That I forgot in thinking of you,  
The sweetest snowdrop that ever I knew !  
But I put it out of the sun and the rain :  
It was green and white when I put it away,  
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four;  
It was green and white when I found it that day,  
It had one pale bell and green leaves four,  
But I was not glad of it any more.  
Was it changed, do you think, Papa ?  
Or did I dream it was brighter before ?

Do not mind my crying, Papa,  
I am not crying for pain.  
Do not mind my shaking, Papa,  
I am not shaking for fear ;  
Though the wild wild wind is hideous to hear,  
And I see the snow and the rain.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, Papa ?

*Sydney Dobell.*

### WEARINESS.



H little feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;  
I, nearer to the Wayside Inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask ;

I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toil'd among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires ;  
Mine that so long has glow'd and burn'd,  
With passions into ashes turn'd  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

*Henry W. Longfellow.*



## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.



OMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashion'd country seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door—

“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchang'd it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! ”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roar'd ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased,—

“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! ”

There groups of merry children play'd,  
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

All are scatter'd now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
For ever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
“ For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### RESIGNATION.



HERE is no flock, however watch'd and  
tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Cloth'd with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppress'd,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.



OME, dear children, let us away ;  
 Down and away below.  
 Now my brothers call from the bay ;  
 Now the great winds shorewards blow ;  
 Now the salt tides seawards flow ;  
 Now the wild white horses play,  
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
 Children dear, let us away.  
 This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.  
 Call once yet,  
 In a voice that she will know :  
 " Margaret ! Margaret ! "

Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear :  
Children's voices wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.  
Call her once, and come away.  
This way, this way.  
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."  
The wild white horses foam and fret,  
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.  
Call no more.  
One last look at the white-wall'd town,  
And the little grey church on the windy shore,  
Then come down.  
She will not come though you call all day.  
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;  
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world forever and aye ?

When did music come this way ?  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away ?  
Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea.  
And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell,  
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green  
sea,  
She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.  
"Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves :  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."  
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?  
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;  
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say."  
"Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in  
the bay.  
We went up the beach in the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town,  
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still  
To the little grey church on the windy hill.  
From the church came a murmur of folk at their  
prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climb'd on the graves on the stones worn with  
rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded  
panes.  
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear ;  
"Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.  
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.  
"Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door."  
Come away, children, call no more,  
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,  
Down to the depths of the sea,  
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings ; "O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,  
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun."  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
She steals to the window and looks at the sand ;  
And over the sand at the sea ;  
And her eyes are set in a stare ;  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh,  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,  
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children,  
Come children, come down.  
The hoarse wind blows colder ;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door ;  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl.  
Singing, “Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she,  
And alone dwell forever  
The kings of the sea.”

But children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,

When spring-tides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starr'd with broom ;  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;  
Up the still glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie ;  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
We will gaze from the sand-hills,  
At the white, sleeping town ;  
At the church on the hill-side—  
And then come back, down.  
Singing, “There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she :  
She left lonely forever  
The kings of the sea.”

*Matthew Arnold.*



## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS,

SHEWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING MAY BE  
TAUGHT.

HAVE a boy of five years old,  
 His face is fresh and fair to see,  
 His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
 And dearly he loves me.

One morn we stroll'd on our dry walk,  
 Our quiet home all full in view,  
 And held such intermitted talk  
 As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran ;  
 I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
 Our pleasant home when Spring began,  
 A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
 To think, and think, and think again ;  
 With so much happiness to spare,  
 I could not feel a pain.

My boy was by my side, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress !  
And oftentimes I talk'd to him  
In very idleness.

The young lambs ran a pretty race,  
The morning sun shone bright and warm ;  
“ Kilve,” said I, “ was a pleasant place,  
And so is Liswyn farm.

“ My little boy, which like you more,”  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
“ Our home by Kilve’s delightful shore,  
Or here at Liswyn farm ?”

In careless mood he look’d at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, “ At Kilve I’d rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm.”

“ Now, little Edward, say why so ;  
My little Edward, tell me why ?”  
“ I cannot tell, I do not know.”  
“ Why, this is strange,” said I.

“ For here are woods and green hills warm,  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm  
For Kilve by the green sea.”

At this my boy hung down his head,  
He blush’d with shame, nor made reply ;  
And three times to the child I said,  
“ Why, Edward, tell me why ?”

His head he raised, there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain,  
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock ;  
And eased his mind with this reply ;  
“ At Kilve there was no weather-cock ;  
And that’s the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest boy ! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

*W. Wordsworth.*

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

 HE old house by the lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravell'd pathway  
The light and shadow play'd.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air ;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door ;  
He look'd for his little play-mates,  
Who would return no more.

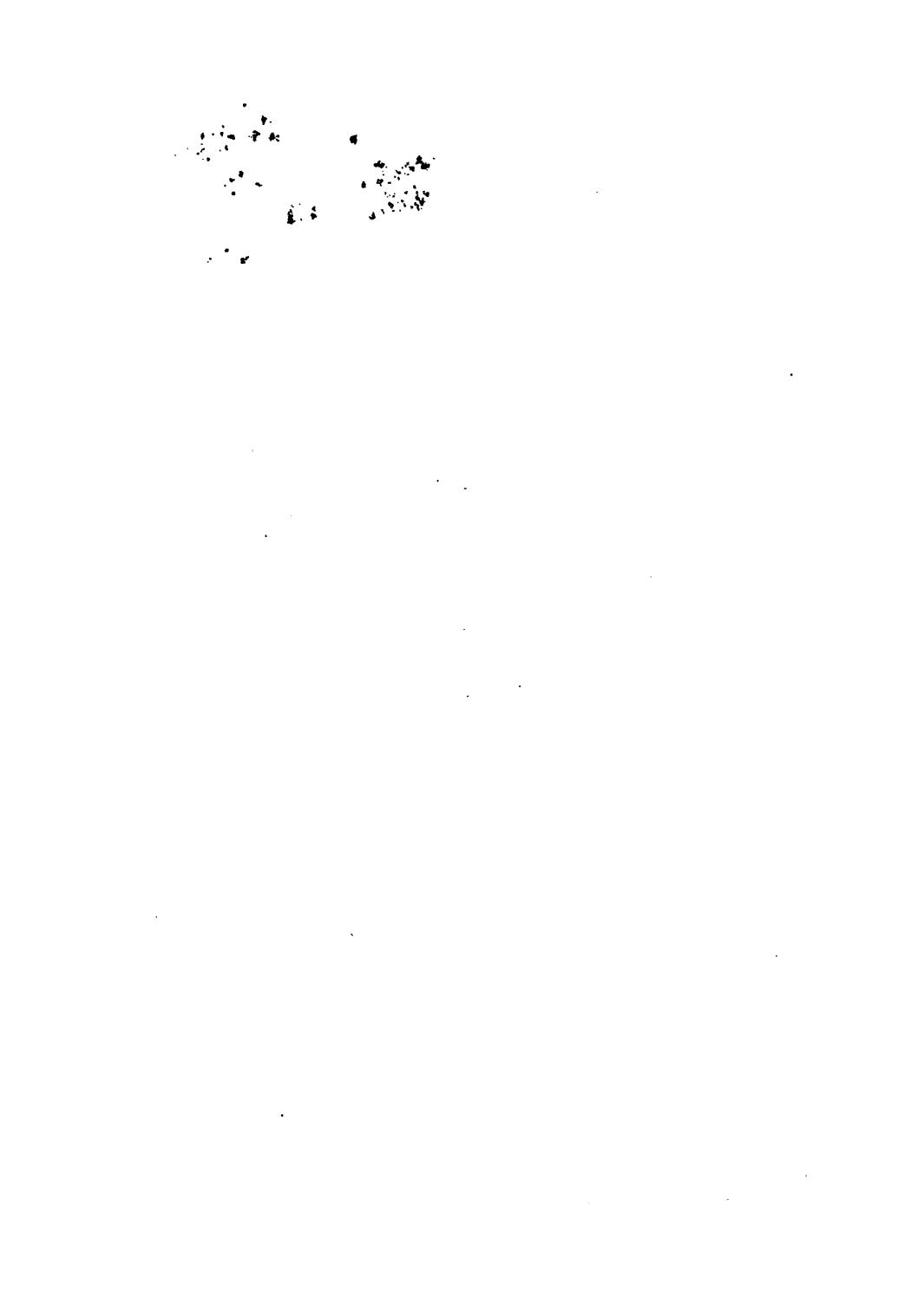
They walk'd not under the lindens,  
They play'd not in the hall ;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
Were hanging over all.

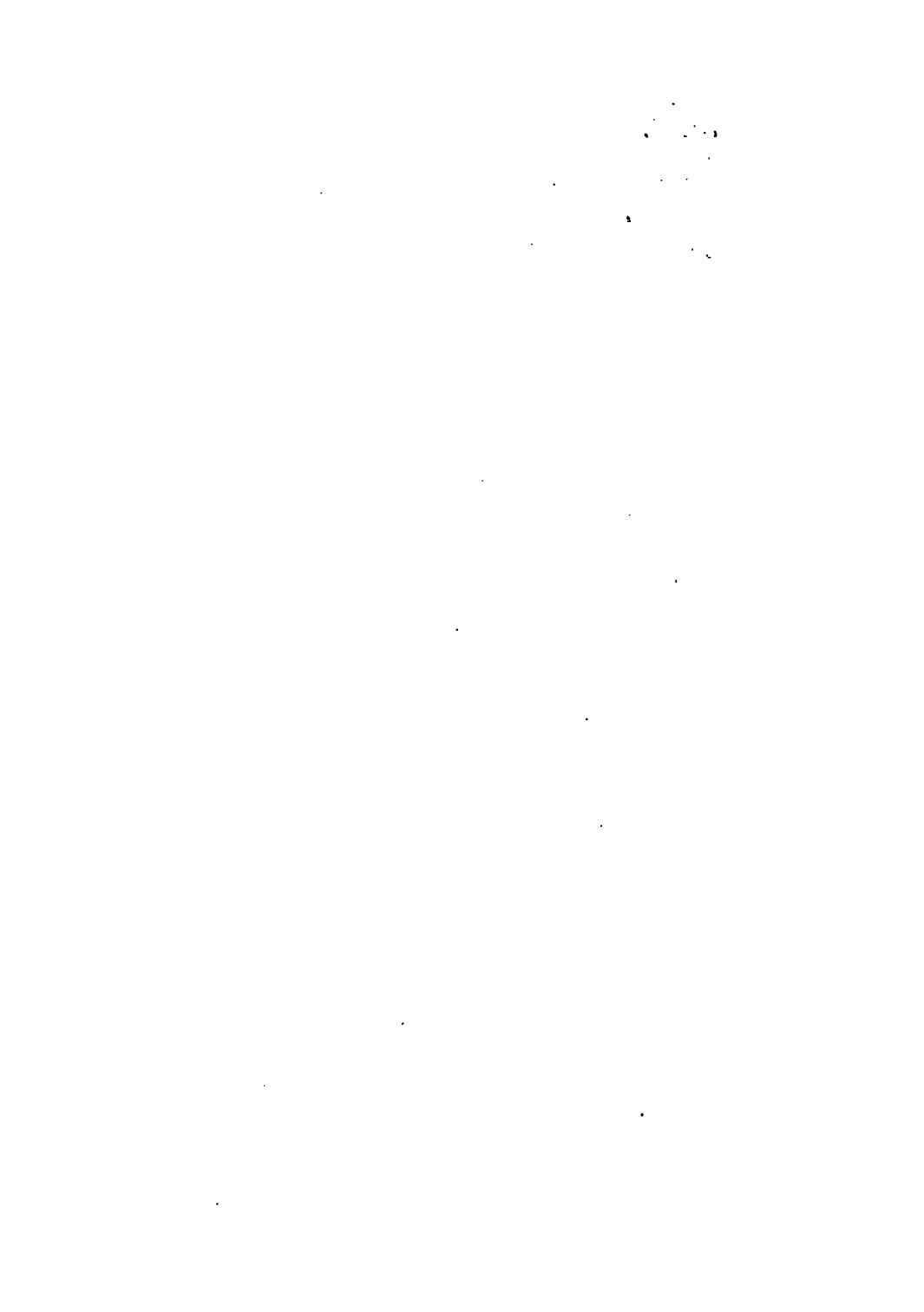






*Evening Prayer*





The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweet familiar tone ;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walk'd beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
I press'd his warm, soft hand !

*H. W. Longfellow.*

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS'  
SCHOOL.



USH ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room  
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp  
sheds  
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,  
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young  
heads,  
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,  
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in  
prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely—childhood's lip and cheek  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought :  
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,  
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?  
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,  
What death must fashion for eternity.

Oh ! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest  
Lightly, when these pure orisons are done,  
As birds with slumber's honeydew oppress'd,  
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,  
Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies  
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled  
springs

Of hope make melody where'er ye tread ;  
And o'er your sleep bright shadows from the wings  
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;  
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
Is woman's tenderness, how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you, silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches from affection's deep,  
To pour on broken weeds, a wasted shower !

And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !

Her lot is on you, to be found untired,  
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
And a true heart of hope though hope be vain.  
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
And, oh ! to love through all things—therefore pray.

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,  
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,  
On through the dark days fading from their prime,  
As a street dew to keep your souls from blight.  
Earth will forsake, oh ! happy to have given  
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven !

*Felicia Hemans.*



HEN all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green ;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen ;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away :  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown ;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down ;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maim'd among :  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when all was young.

*Charles Kingsley.*

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

 ETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is open'd,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight  
Descending the broad hall-stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence :  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes ! for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away !

*H. W. Longfellow.*

#### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

28TH MAY, 1857.



T was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.



And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wander'd away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And wherever the way seem'd long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, " Hark !  
For his voice I listen and yearn ;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return."

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## FIRE.

WEET Maiden, for so calm a life  
Too bitter seem'd thine end ;  
But thou hadst won thee, ere that strife,  
A more than earthly Friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school,  
And on thine homeward way,  
Where violets by the reedy pool  
Peep out so shyly gay :

Where thou, a true and gentle guide,  
Wouldst lead thy little band,  
With all an elder sister's pride,  
And rule with eye and hand.

And if *we* miss, oh, who may speak  
What thoughts are hovering round  
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek  
Its evening slumber found ?

How many a tearful longing look  
In silence seeks thee yet,  
Where in its own familiar nook  
Thy fireside chair is set ?

And oft when little voices dim  
Are feeling for the note  
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,  
And wavering wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought  
Of her who led the strain,  
How oft such music home she brought--  
But ne'er shall bring again.

O say not so ! the springtide air  
Is fraught with whispering sweet ;  
Who knows but heavenly carols there  
With ours may duly meet ?

Who knows how near, each holy hour,  
The pure and child-like dead  
May linger, where in shrine or bower  
The mourner's prayer is said ?

And He who will'd thy tender frame  
(O stern yet sweet decree !)  
Should wear the martyr's robe of flame,  
He hath prepared for thee

A garland in that region bright  
Where infant spirits reign,  
Tinged faintly with such golden light  
As crowns His martyr train.

Nay, doubt it not : His tokens sure  
Were round her death-bed shown :  
The wasting pain might not endure,  
'Twas calm ere life had flown,



Even as we read of saints of yore :  
Her heart and voice were free  
To crave one quiet slumber more  
Upon her mother's knee.

*John Keble.*

OF MY DEAR SON GERVASE  
BEAUMONT.

AN I, who have for others oft compiled  
The songs of death, forget my sweetest  
child,  
Which, like the flower crush'd, with a blast is dead,  
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,  
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,  
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?  
We have this sign of joy, that many days,  
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,  
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains  
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.  
Oh ! may that sound be rooted in my mind,  
Of which in him such strong effect I find.

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love  
To me was like a friendship, far above  
The course of nature, or his tender age ;  
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage ;  
Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be  
In that frail body, which was part of me,  
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show  
How to this port at every step I go.

*Sir John Beaumont.*

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.



HERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he,  
“Have nought but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

 H, when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind!—

No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing;—  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipp'd his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew !  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
    My pleasure from the sky !  
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams  
    Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;  
My dumps are made of more than lead ;  
    My flights soon find a fall ;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a hoop,  
    And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf :  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
    The world knocks to and fro :—  
My archery is all unlearn'd,  
And grief against myself has turn'd  
    My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask ;  
My authorship's an endless task,  
    My head's ne'er out of school ;

My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
It makes me shrink and sigh :—  
On this I will not dwell and hang,  
The changeling would not feel a pang  
Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue, or so serene  
As then ;—no leaves look half so green  
As clothed the playground tree !  
All things I loved are alter'd so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me !

O for the garb that mark'd the boy,  
The trousers made of corduroy,  
Well ink'd with black and red ;  
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill,—  
It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head !

O for the riband round the neck !  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
    My book and collar both !  
How can this formal man be styled  
Merely an Alexandrine child,  
    A boy of larger growth ?

O for that small, small beer anew !  
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
    That wash'd my sweet meals down ;  
The master even !—and that small Turk  
That fagg'd me ! Worse is now my work—  
    A fag for all the town !

O for the lessons learn'd by heart !  
Ay, though the very birch's smart  
    Should mark those hours again ;  
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd  
Beneath the stroke, and even find  
    Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !  
The Fairy Tales in school-time read  
    By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !

The angel form that always walk'd  
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd  
Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !  
The prize of merit, won for home—  
Merit had prizes then !  
But now I write for days and days,  
For fame—a deal of empty praise,  
Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ! the crowded coach,—  
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—  
The winding horns like rams' !  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,  
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
No 'satis' to the 'jams !'

When that I was a tiny boy,  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind !  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind !

*Thomas Hood.*

## CASABIANCA.

HE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but him had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm ;  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—" Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done?"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried,  
“ If I may yet be gone ! ”  
—And but the burning shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll’d on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And look’d from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,  
“ My father ! must I stay ? ”  
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp’d the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream’d above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
—Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strew’d the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young faithful heart.

*Felicia Hemans.*

### STANZAS.



REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light ;  
The lilacs, where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air would rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing ;  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,  
 The fir-trees dark and high ;  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky :  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy !

*Thomas Hood.*

#### AFAR OFF.

EAR old uncle, the long absent,  
 Come and sing to us once more ;  
 Sing about the endless wonders  
 Of the distant foreign shore ;

Sing about the birds whose pinions  
Light the skies up as they move ;  
Sing about the beasts with instincts  
Human in obedient love.

“Sing about the green oases  
In the midst of arid wastes,  
Fruitful palms and cooling fountains,  
Giving life to him who tastes.  
Sing about the gold and jewels  
From the river and the mine ;  
And the men and maids who wear them,  
And the crowns in which they shine.”

Answer'd he, “O children, listen ;  
Hitherto my songs have been  
Of the countries I have been to,  
And the sights that I have seen.  
But your words have stirr'd the vision  
Of a land I've yet to see,  
Thither now my steps are wending,  
There I wish my heart to be.

“There, I know, are radiant pinions  
Shining in unclouded skies,

But 'tis angel-forms they carry,  
For the place is Paradise.  
There the wondrous beasts adoring  
Worship openly at last ;  
All creation's myriads joining,  
For the curse is overpast.

“ There, too, bloom the verdant pastures,  
Where the comfort-waters flow ;  
There the mighty tree of healing  
Holds a cure for every woe.  
There the jewels build up cities ;  
There are crowns for all the blest  
There is endless joy and sunshine,  
Yet the joy itself is rest.”

Then the children spake delighted ;  
“ Uncle, Uncle, is it true ?  
Oh, then, let us travel with you,  
Let us come and be there too.”  
“ Some day,” whisper'd he, with kisses,  
“ When, it is not ours to say ;  
Meantime pray for all on journey,  
That they miss not of their way.”

*Margaret Gatty.*

## VERY NEAR.

 CHILDREN, will you hear a story ?

I have one I wish to tell :

'Tis about the stately mansions

In the country where I dwell.

Fair they are, of fine proportions,

Wrought with art, within, without,

And—O wonder of all wonders !—

Can be moved at will about !

Talk of scientific progress—

Giant strides of skill and mind ;

Modern marvels of invention,

Leaving miracles behind !

What are they to this I tell of,

Worthy old enchantment's days ;

When the master's lightest wishes

His obedient house obeys !

See the windows—not mère openings

Letting in one only view,

But machines constructing pictures

Ever fresh yet ever true.

These, too, stored in upper chambers,  
    Serve for reference day by day ;  
When the master would remember  
    Scenes and peoples pass'd away.

See the portals ; two admitting  
    Sounds that make alive or kill ;  
One which sends them forth to others—  
    Mighty power for good or ill.  
This, too, the appointed entrance  
    For the stores the house requires,  
To repair the waste from usage—  
    To support the constant fires.

“ Then the houses are not lasting ? ”  
    No—the strongest must decay,  
Till their very owners leave them,  
    And they crumble quite away.  
But from out the scatter'd ruins  
    Others shall one day arise ;  
God the builder, God the owner,—  
    Everlasting in the skies.

Now my ballad riddle's ended,  
    Now my mystic tale is told ;



Now you know the stately mansions  
Every one of you enfold.  
Prize them for their wondrous beauty,  
Guard them as a gracious loan,  
Keep and use them in all honour,  
Knowing they are not your own.

*Margaret Gatty.*

#### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.



HEY grew in beauty side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee,  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.  
The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid ;  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the lone blue sea, hath one,  
    He lies where pearls lie deep,  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
    O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest  
    Above the noble slain ;  
He wrapp'd his colours round his breast  
    On a blood-red field of Spain.  
And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
    Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,  
    The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who play'd  
    Beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
    Around one parent knee !  
They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
    And cheer'd with song the hearth,—  
Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
    And nought beyond, oh earth !

*Felicia Hemans.*

## SHOOTING STARS.

 SEE you the shooting star,  
 Flitting across the sky ?  
 They say a good child's soul  
 Has gone to rest on high.

What is it bright and clear,  
 Fading away so soon ?  
 Is it a golden tear  
 Shed by the mourning moon ?

See, how they come and go !  
 Falling like crystal spray ;  
 Mother, will they weep so  
 When I shall pass away ?

Child, these are no moon's tears,  
 But they are beams of light,  
 Made in the unknown years  
 By Him who rules the night.

And where you see them shine,  
Far in the heaven above,  
No mourning hearts repine,  
For all is joy and love.

*LL. B.*

### NATURE'S FAREWELL.

Das Schöne ist hinweg—das kehrt nicht wieder.  
*Schiller's Wallenstein.*



YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's  
home,  
Through the crowded paths of the world  
to roam,  
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,  
“Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?

“ Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,  
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear ;  
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,  
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild  
flowers.

“ Under the arch by our mingling made,  
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd ;  
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
But as ye *have* met there—oh ! never more !”

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,  
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :  
“ Wherefore so fast unto life away ?  
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay !

“ Thou may'st come to the summer woods again,  
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain ;  
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—  
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell !”

On rode the youth :—and the founts and streams  
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams :  
—“ We have been thy playmates through many a day,  
Wherefore thus leave us ?—oh ! yet delay !

“ Listen but once to the sound of our mirth !  
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.  
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,  
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

“ Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood’s glee,  
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free ;  
Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirr’d,  
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

“ Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—  
What should it do for a burning heart ?  
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,  
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

“ Farewell !—when thou comest again to thine own,  
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone ;  
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—  
Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell, farewell !”

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh’d,  
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade ;  
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,  
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

*Felicia Hemans.*

## THE CROQUET GROUND.

OW the grass and roll it fine,  
 Set the hoops in order round,  
 Place the colour'd sticks in line,  
 Now I tread the croquet ground.

Pacing thus the sunny plot,  
 Border'd round by stately trees ;  
 All the cares of life forgot,  
 Here I soothe myself to ease :

Dreaming that I do but wait  
 For the happy burst of noise,  
 For the opening garden gate,  
 For the rush of shouting boys,

For the ringing girlish laugh,  
 Quarrel, banter, frolic, fun ;  
 All the pleasant social chaff,  
 “ Never ending, still begun.”

But they come not, and the wind,  
Gathering strength as eve descends,  
Whispers, "Thou art left behind,  
Make the lengthening shadows friends!"

And I start, and find it true ;  
Low the sun, and dim the light ;  
Lines of darkness, wet with dew,  
Stretch across the verdure bright.

Strangers wonder, passing by,  
What the lady's doing there ;  
Mark a trouble in her eye,  
Note a flurry in her air.

Oh ! my friends, I do but dream  
Of the years that fled so fast ;  
Youth, you know, looks down the stream,  
Old age, upwards to the past.

Upwards, backwards, which you will ;  
There, in life's midsummer day,  
Happy children, children still,  
Round their happier parents play.

Those the forms I seem to see,  
Those the voices in my ear,  
Those the phantoms that for me  
    Make the croquet ground so dear.

True, the darkness may descend,  
Cloud the vision, dim the sight ;  
But I count it as a friend  
    Leading to returning light.

Mow the grass, then, roll it fine,  
Let me dream the dear ones come ;  
Shall not once a day divine  
    Bring the scatter'd wanderers home ?

*Margaret Gatty.*

#### THE ANGEL'S STORY.

HROUGH the blue and frosty heavens,  
    Christmas stars were shining bright ;  
    Glistening lamps throughout the City  
    Almost match'd their gleaming light ;  
    While the winter snow was lying,  
    And the winter winds were sighing,  
    Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,  
Pealing bells were sounding clear,  
(Never with such tones of gladness,  
Save when Christmas time is near,)  
Many a one that night was merry  
Who had toil'd through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,  
Friends, long parted, reconciled ;  
Voices all unused to laughter,  
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,  
Trembling hearts that fear'd the morrow  
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing  
From the gracious season fall ;  
Joy and plenty in the cottage,  
Peace and feasting in the hall ;  
And the voices of the children  
Ringing clear above it all !

Yet one house was dim and darken'd :  
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,  
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,  
Creeping up the marble stair,

Even still'd the voice of mourning—  
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,  
Velvet carpets hush'd the tread,  
Many costly toys were lying,  
All unheeded, by his bed;  
And his tangled golden ringlets  
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty City  
To save one little life was vain;  
One little thread from being broken,  
One fatal word from being spoken;  
Nay, his very mother's pain,  
And the mighty love within her  
Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,  
She alone with strength to smile,  
Promising that he should suffer  
No more in a little while,  
Murmuring tender song and story  
Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence  
Check'd those constant moaning cries,  
Still'd the little heart's quick fluttering,  
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,  
Fix'd on some mysterious vision,  
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hover'd,  
Smiling, o'er the little bed ;  
White his raiment, from his shoulders  
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,  
And a starlike light was shining  
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel  
Leaning o'er the little nest,  
In his arms the sick child folding,  
Laid him gently on his breast,  
Sobs and wailing told the mother  
That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,  
Spread his wings ; and, through the air,  
Bore the child, and while he held him  
To his heart, with loving care,

Placed a branch of crimson roses  
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated  
Towards the mansions of the Blest,  
Gazing from his shining guardian  
To the flowers upon his breast,  
Thus the angel spake, still smiling  
On the little heavenly guest :

“ Know, dear little one, that Heaven  
Does no earthly thing disdain,  
Man’s poor joys find there an echo  
Just as surely as his pain ;  
Love, on earth so feebly striving,  
Lives divine in Heaven again !

“ Once in that great town below us,  
In a poor and narrow street,  
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;  
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,  
Never in life’s rugged pathway  
Guided his poor tottering feet.

“ All the striving, anxious forethought,  
That should only come with age,

Weigh'd upon his baby spirit,  
Show'd him soon life's sternest page.  
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow  
Was his only heritage.

“ All too weak for childish pastimes,  
Drearly the hours sped ;  
On his hands so small and trembling  
Leaning his poor aching head,  
Or, through dark and painful hours,  
Lying sleepless on his bed.

“ Dreaming strange and longing fancies  
Of cool forests far away ;  
And of rosy, happy children,  
Laughing merrily at play,  
Coming home through green lanes, bearing  
Trailing boughs of blooming May.

“ Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven  
Gleam'd above that narrow street,  
And the sultry air of Summer  
(That you call so warm and sweet)  
Fever'd the poor Orphan, dwelling  
In the crowded alley's heat.

“ One bright day, with feeble footsteps  
Slowly forth he tried to crawl,  
Through the crowded city's pathways,  
Till he reach'd a garden-wall ;  
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions  
Stood the lordliest of all.

“ There were trees with giant branches,  
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;  
There were sparkling fountains glancing,  
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride  
Ever wafted breaths of perfume  
To the child who stood outside.

“ He against the gate of iron  
Press'd his wan and wistful face,  
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure  
At the glories of the place ;  
Never had his brightest day-dream  
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

“ You were playing in that garden,  
Throwing blossoms in the air,  
Laughing when the petals floated  
Downwards on your golden hair ;

And the fond eyes watching o'er you,  
And the splendour spread before you,  
Told a House's Hope was there.

“ When your servants, tired of seeing  
Such a face of want and woe,  
Turning to the ragged Orphan,  
Gave him coin, and bade him go,  
Down his cheeks, so thin and wasted,  
Bitter tears began to flow.

“ But that look of childish sorrow  
On your tender child-heart fell,  
And you pluck'd the reddest roses,  
From the tree you loved so well,  
Pass'd them through the stern cold grating,  
Gently bidding him ‘ Farewell !’

“ Dazzled by the fragrant treasure  
And the gentle voice he heard,  
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,  
Joy, the sleeping Seraph, stirr'd ;  
In his hand he took the flowers,  
In his heart the loving word.

“ So he crept to his poor garret,  
Poor no more, but rich and bright,  
For the holy dreams of childhood,  
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—  
Floated round the Orphan’s pillow  
Through the starry summer night.

“ Day dawn’d, yet the visions lasted ;  
All too weak to rise he lay ;  
Did he dream that none spake harshly—  
All were strangely kind that day ?  
Surely then his treasured roses  
Must have charm’d all ills away.

“ And he smiled, though they were fading ;  
One by one their leaves were shed ;  
‘ Such bright things could never perish,  
They would bloom again,’ he said :  
When the next day’s sun had risen  
Child and flowers both were dead.

“ Know, dear little one ! our Father  
Will no gentle deed disdain ;  
Love on the cold earth beginning,  
Lives divine in Heaven again,

While the angel hearts that beat there  
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently  
O'er his little burden leant ;  
While the child gazed from the shining,  
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,  
To the blooming roses by him,  
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answer'd,  
And with tender meaning smiled :  
" Ere your child-like, loving spirit,  
Sin and the hard world defiled,  
God has given me leave to seek you—  
I was once that little child !"

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

In the churchyard of that city  
Rose a tomb of marble rare,  
Deck'd, as soon as Spring awaken'd,  
With her buds and blossoms fair—  
And a humble grave beside it :—  
No one knew who rested there.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## ABOVE THE SPIRE.

 ELL me why the swallows fly  
 Up into the cloudy sky ?  
 Why they hover round the spire,  
 Wheeling lower, wheeling higher ;  
 And, again their course repeating,  
 Now advancing, now retreating,  
 Till they, in a circling flight,  
 Soar for ever out of sight ?  
 Mother, make me wings to fly,  
 Like the swallows in the sky ;  
 Dancing, glancing, up on high,  
 Round the old church spire.

Summer swallows always go  
 When the bitter north winds blow,  
 And the heavy clouds are pouring,  
 Overflowing rivers roaring,  
 Racing down their pebbly courses  
 Like a troop of foaming horses,

Onward to the open sea,  
 Madly struggling to be free !  
 Child, hereafter you shall fly,  
 Like the swallows in the sky ;  
 Unknown lands there are on high,  
 Far above the spire !

*LL. B.*

A FAREWELL.

 Y fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
 grey :  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :  
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever  
 One grand, sweet song.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## SEVEN TIMES TWO.

## ROMANCE.

OU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your  
changes,

How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling  
No magical sense conveys,  
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

“ Turn again, turn again,” once they sang cheerily,  
While a boy listen'd alone ;  
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,  
And mine, they are yet to be ;  
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover :  
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,  
Preparing her hoods of snow ;  
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :  
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late ;  
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,  
While dear hands are laid on my head ;  
“ The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it !  
Such as I wish it to be.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

## MATERNITY.



EIGH ho ! daisies and buttercups,  
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !  
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the  
 grasses,  
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small !  
 Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's  
 own lasses,  
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups !  
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;  
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,  
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain ;  
 Sing, “ Heart, thou art wide though the house be  
 but narrow”—  
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,  
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,  
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.  
 O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,  
 Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,  
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—  
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,  
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall !  
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its  
 measure,  
 God that is over us all !

*Jean Ingelow.*

### THE BETTER LAND.



HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;  
 Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?  
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"  
 —“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”  
—“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”  
—“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
—It is there, it is there, my child !”

*Felicia Hemans.*

## HOW'S MY BOY?



O, Sailor of the sea !  
 How's my boy—my boy ?"—  
 " What's your boy's name, good wife,  
 And in what good ship sail'd he ?"

" My boy John—  
 He that went to sea—  
 What care I for the ship, sailor ?  
 My boy's my boy to me.

" You come back from sea  
 And not know my John ?  
 I might as well have ask'd some landsman  
 Yonder down in the town.  
 There's not an ass in all the parish  
 But he knows my John.

" How's my boy—my boy ?  
 And unless you let me know  
 I'll swear you are no sailor,  
 Blue jacket or no,

Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
Anchor and crown or no !  
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*"—  
“ Speak low, woman, speak low !”

“ And why should I speak low, sailor,  
About my own boy, John ?  
If I was loud as I am proud  
I'd sing him over the town !  
Why should I speak low, sailor ?”—  
“ That good ship went down.”

“ How's my boy—my boy ?  
What care I for the ship, sailor,  
I never was aboard her.  
Be she afloat, or be she aground,  
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,  
Her owners can afford her !  
I say, how's my John ?”—  
“ Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her.”

“ How's my boy—my boy ?  
What care I for the men, sailor ?

I'm not their mother—  
 How's my boy—my boy?  
 Tell me of him and no other !  
 How's my boy—my boy?"  
*Sydney Dobell.*

## NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

 APOLEON'S banners at Boulogne  
 Arm'd in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—  
 Unprison'd on the shore to roam ;  
 And aye was bent his longing brow  
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain half-way over ;  
 With envy *they* could reach the white  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,  
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The livelong day laborious ; lurking  
Until he launch'd a tiny boat  
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description wretched ; such a wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder  
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,  
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;  
And this equipp'd he would have pass'd  
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
His little Argo sorely jeering ;  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace or danger ;  
And in his wonted attitude,  
Address'd the stranger :—

“ Rash man, that wouldest yon channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd ;  
Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
Must be impassion'd.”

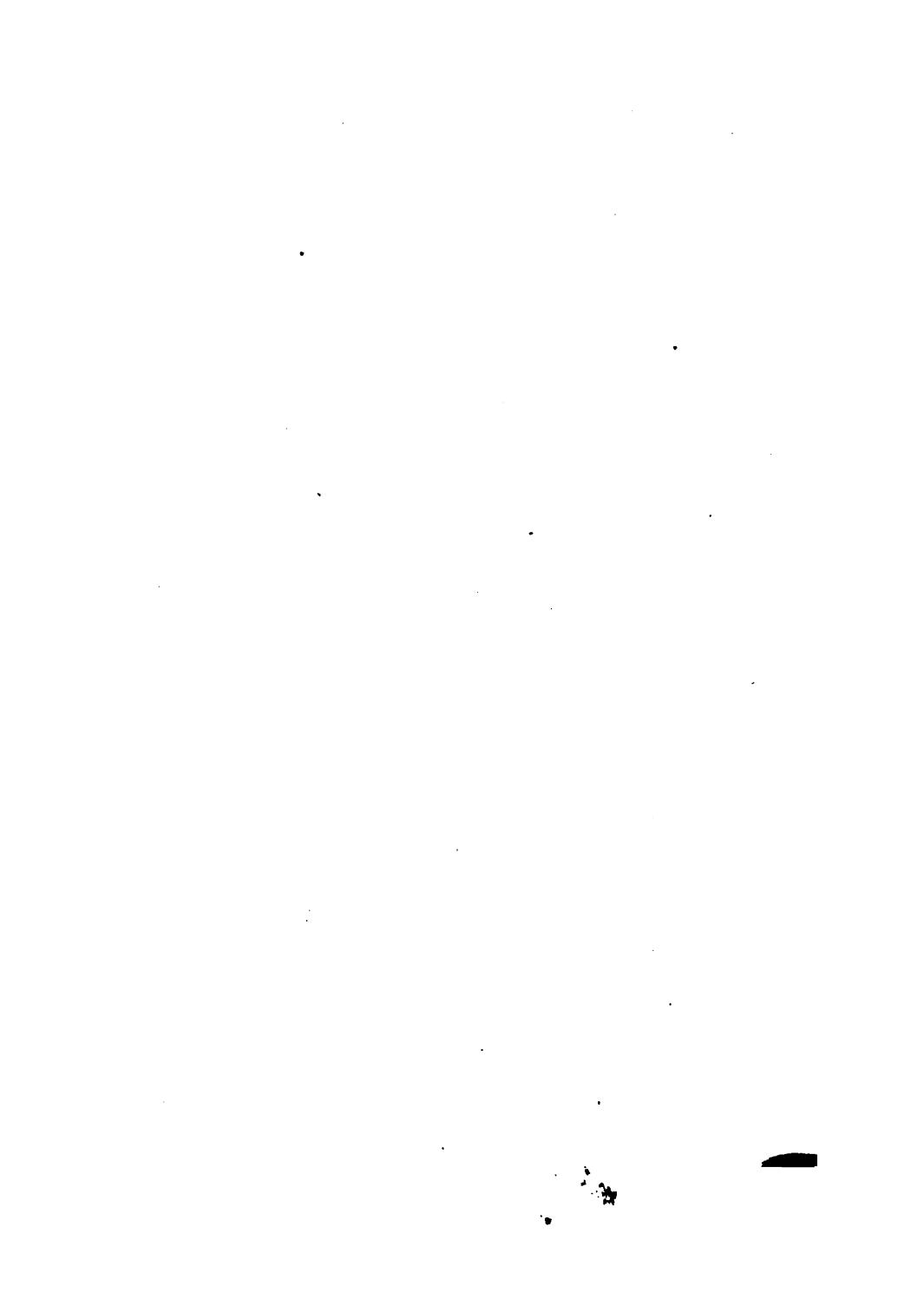
“ I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;  
“ But—absent long from one another—  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother.”







*Eton College*





“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,  
“ Ye’ve both my favour fairly won ;  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
And with a flag of truce commanded  
He should be shipp’d to England Old,  
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
To find a dinner plain and hearty ;  
But never changed the coin and gift  
Of Bonaparte.

*Thomas Campbell.*

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF  
ETON COLLEGE.

 E distant spires, ye antique tow’rs,  
That crown the wat’ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry’s holy shade ;

And ye that from the stately brow,  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace;)  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
Their murmur'ring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty;  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry:  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play ;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day :  
Yet see how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
Ah, show them where in ambush stand  
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !  
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fiery Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind :  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim visaged, comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,



And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath,  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen :  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every lab'ring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage ;  
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men  
Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
The tender for another's pain,  
Th' unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

*Thomas Gray.*

### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

NE morning (raw it was and wet—  
 A foggy day in winter time)  
 A woman on the road I met,  
 Not old, though something past her prime,  
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight,  
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;  
 Old times, I thought, are breathing there ;  
 Proud was I that my country bred  
 Such strength, a dignity so fair ;  
 She begg'd an alms like one in poor estate ;  
 I look'd at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 With the first word I had to spare,

I said to her, “Beneath your cloak,  
What's that which on your arm you bear?”  
She answer'd, soon as she the question heard,  
“A simple burthen, sir, a little Singing Bird.”

And, thus continuing, she said,  
“I had a Son, who many a day  
Sail'd on the seas, but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away:  
And I have travell'd far as Hull to see  
What clothes he might have left, or other property.

The bird and cage they both were his:  
'Twas my son's bird, and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
The singing bird had gone with him;  
When last he sail'd, he left the bird behind;  
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind!

He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watch'd and fed,  
Till he came back again, and there  
I found it when my Son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I bear it with me, sir;—he took so much delight in it.”

*William Wordsworth.*

## THE BLIND CHILD.



HERE'S the blind child, so admirably fair,  
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair  
 That waves in every breeze? He's often  
 seen

Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
 With others match'd in spirit and in size,  
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.  
 That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,  
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here :  
 And hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry ;  
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,  
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,  
 A very child in everything but sight ;  
 With circumscribed, but not abated powers,  
 Play, the great object of his infant hours.  
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
 And shows the native gladness of his heart ;  
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
 The new suggestion and the quick assent ;  
 The grove invites, delight fills every breast—  
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,  
 Away they start ; leave balls and hoops behind,



And one companion leave—the boy is blind !  
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way :  
He feels his dreadful loss ; yet short the pain,  
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again,  
Pondering how best his moments to employ  
He sings his little songs of nameless joy ;  
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,  
And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;  
Smoothing their stems while resting on his knees,  
He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;  
Along the homeward path then feels his way,  
Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
And with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

*Robert Bloomfield.*



## BLUE SNAIL SHELLS.

*Lines addressed to the mother of eight children, to whom a friend had sent eight perfect specimens of the "Oceanic blue snail shell" from the West Coast of Ireland.*



UR friend, my love, has sent to thee  
 Eight little shells of tropic birth ;  
 They as great wanderers on the sea  
 As he has been on sea and earth.

These little shells, of texture slight  
 And azure hue, were born to roam,  
 And never from the waves alight  
 Until they found a final home.

Storm-cast upon a distant strand,  
 Yet not so roughly as to break,  
 Our friend with his accustom'd hand  
 Did gather them for thy dear sake ;

Did lift them as they softly fell  
 By foam envelop'd on the beach,  
 Did say to each arriving shell,  
 "This, too, a parable will teach."



And thus they tell us, as we stand  
Upon the shore of Life's dark sea,  
Watching and waiting the command  
Which shall forbid us here to be ;

That on the troubled waves of life  
Eight of our children float, nor know  
The issue of that stormy strife,  
Its height above, its depth below ;

That they are delicate and frail  
As are those azure shells he found :  
Toss'd to and fro by every gale,  
Still far away from solid ground ;

That they must face the night of pain,  
The morn of toil, the eve of care :  
Alternately feel loss and gain,  
And sink from rapture to despair.

And as through changes great as these,  
From gales, and billows crown'd with foam,  
And softest winds and calmest seas,  
These azure shells have found a home ;

Even so, the eight so dear to thee  
May find at last what we have found,  
A haven from life's stormy sea,  
A resting-place on quiet ground ;

Like ships at anchor, nothing more—  
Rather like stranded ships, I'll say ;  
Like azure shells cast on the shore,  
From which the life has died away.

For what is life when youth is gone,  
Ambition dead, and struggle past ?  
What can it be but waiting on  
For something that will always last ?

For something empty shells can't show,  
Though symbols of this shadowy state—  
For something man can never know,  
Till safe beyond the mortal gate ?

But there, within a home divine,  
Rescued from this world's stormy sea,  
Those eight, with others, thine and mine,  
May I behold, and thou with me !

*Alfred Gatty, D.D.*

## MY BOYS AND I.



HEY have left me again to-day,  
 As they often have left me before,  
 When each, with his trunk and play box,  
 Return'd to his school-boy lore.

Each time they went they look'd bigger,  
 Whilst I seem'd standing still,  
 Watching them climbing to reach me,  
 On the summit of life's long hill.

But, to-day, as I parted from them,  
 And saw their manly growth,  
 I said, I *was* taller than either,  
 And *now* I'm o'ertopp'd by both.

I see I'm no longer standing  
 On the summit of life's long hill,  
 But I must be passing downward,  
 Whilst they will be mounting still.

Oh, could I, my sons, but fling you  
 One gift ere I quit the height,  
 It would nerve you with strength and courage  
 For your coming toil and fight;

Could I give you the full experience  
Of a father's life bygone,  
It would be the noblest heritage  
That ever befell a son.

But I have begun descending  
The side of the hill, where gloom  
And silence obscure the figures  
Of age from the young in bloom.

And you upon life must enter,  
Whilst we must prepare to go,  
And the wisdom we try to utter  
Is borne on the winds that blow.

Young ears will not accept it,  
Young hearts will not believe ;  
The son must fight his own battle,  
Which the father may see and grieve.

But I hope that my boys will conquer,  
That their hearts are true and brave ;  
The self within is their foeman,  
And they must not be his slave.

If they offer a firm resistance  
To every foolish plea  
Of a bad and fallen nature,  
They may always continue free.

For a Father, who never grows older,  
Is always nigh, if they will  
But hold His hand in ascending  
The summit of life's long hill.

*Alfred Gatty, D.D.*

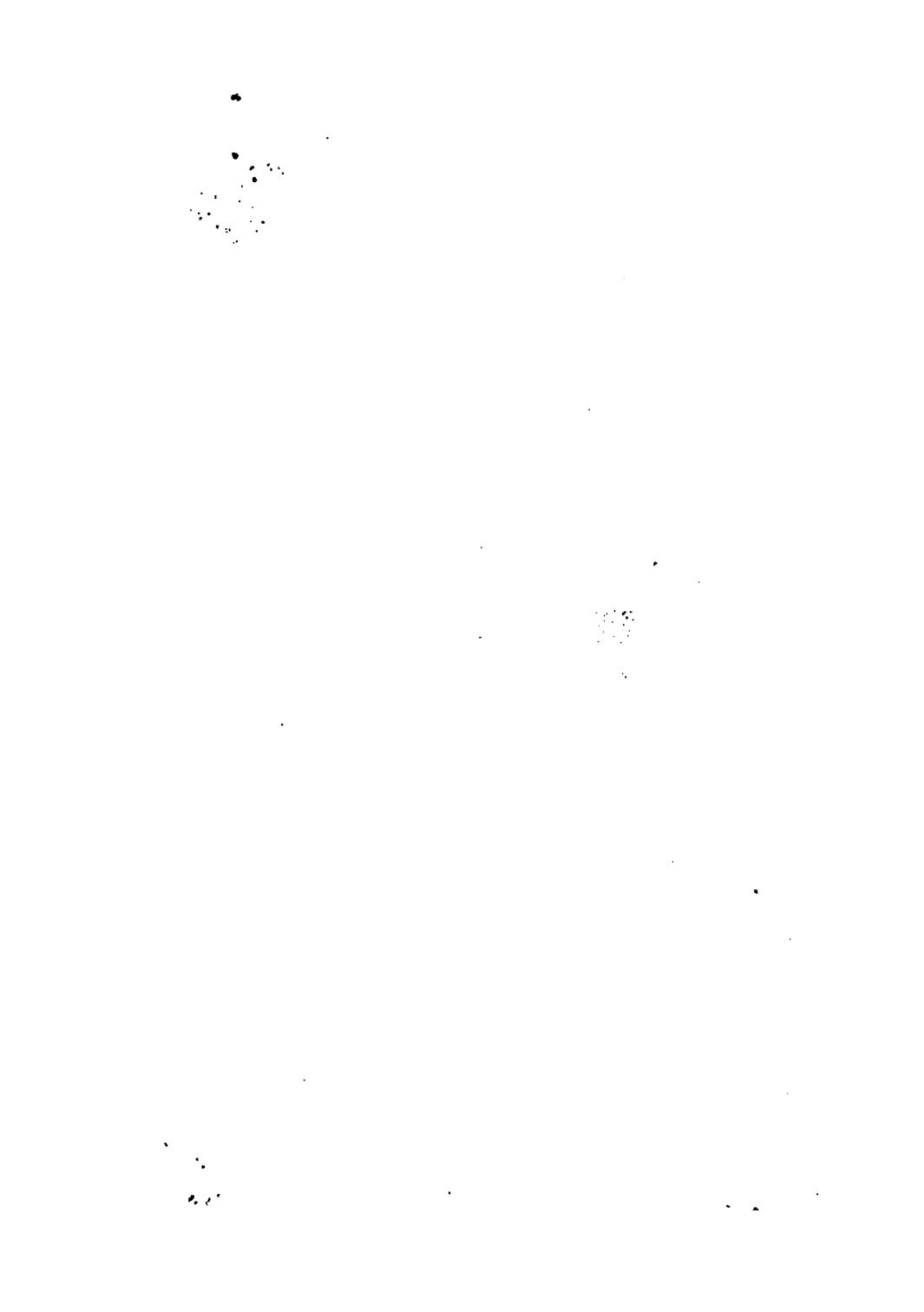
## THE ROWAN TREE.

How fair wert thou in summer time, wi' a' thy  
clusters white ;  
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red  
and bright ;  
On thy fair stem were many names which now nae  
mair I see,  
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er  
can be !

Oh ! rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies  
round thee ran,  
They pu'd thy bonnie' berries red, and necklaces  
they strang,  
My mither, oh ! I see her still, she smiled our sports  
to see,  
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.  
Oh ! rowan tree.

Oh, there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's  
calm,  
How sweet was my mither's voice, in the martyr's  
psalm !



Scenes in the  
South.



The South.





Now a' are gane ! we meet na mair aneath the  
rowan tree,  
But hallow'd thoughts around thee turn, o' hame  
and infancy !

Oh ! rowan tree.

*Lady Nairn.*

### THE RAINBOW.

 Y heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky ;  
So was it when my life began ;  
So it is now I am a man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The child is father of the man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

*William Wordsworth.*

## WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

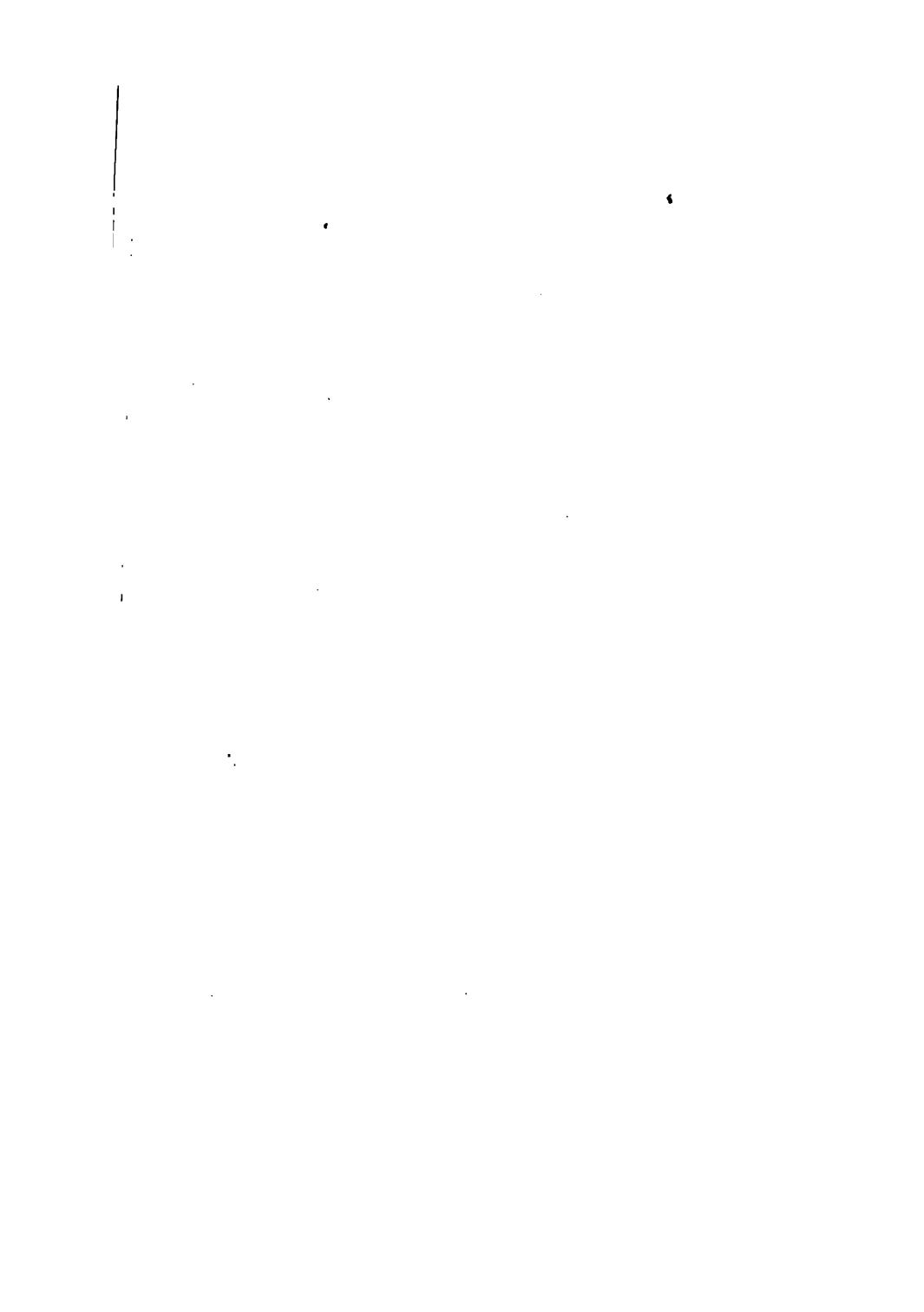
 EEL may the boatie row, and better may  
 it speed,  
 Weel may the boatie row that gains the  
 bairnies bread.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
 fu' weel,  
 And mickle luck attend the boat, the merlin, and  
 the creel.

I cast my line in Largo Bay, and fishes I caught  
 nine;  
 Three to boil, and three to fry, and three to bait  
 the line,  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
 indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a' who wishes her to speed.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie are up and gotten  
 lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row, and lighten all  
 our care,







*Weel may the boatie row*

||

—

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
fu' weel,

And lightsome be her heart that bears the merlin  
and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn doun, and hirpling at  
the door,

They'll row to keep us dry and warm, as we did  
them before,

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
indeed,

And happy be the lot of a' that wish the boat to  
speed.

*John Ewen.*



OW near me came the hand of Death,  
When at my side he struck my dear !  
And took away the precious breath  
Which quicken'd my beloved peer !  
How helpless am I thereby made !  
By day how grieved, by night how sad !  
And now my life's delight is gone,  
Alas ! how am I left alone !

The voice which I did more esteem  
 Than music in her sweetest key,  
 Those eyes which unto me did seem  
 More comfortable than the day ;  
 Those now by me, as they have been,  
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
 But what I once enjoy'd in them  
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus,  
 So little hold of them have we,  
 That we from them or they from us  
 May in a moment ravish'd be ;  
 Yet we are neither just nor wise,  
 If present mercies we despise,  
 Or mind not how there may be made  
 A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,  
 Though these beseeming tears I drop,  
 The loss of my beloved one,  
 As they that are deprived of hope ;  
 But in expressing of my grief,  
 My heart receiveth some relief,  
 And joyeth in the good I had,  
 Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord ! keep me faithful to the trust  
 Which my dear spouse reposèd in me,  
 To him now dead preserve me just  
 In all that should performèd be ;  
 For though our being man and wife  
 Extendeth only to this life,  
 Yet neither life nor death should end  
 The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him enjoy'd,  
 Let Thy continual aid supply ;  
 That though some hopes in him are void,  
 I always may on Thee rely :  
 And whether I shall wed again,  
 Or in a single state remain,  
 Unto Thine honour let it be,  
 And for a blessing unto me.

*George Wither.*



 N parent knee, a naked new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around  
 thee smiled ;  
 So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Calm thou mayst smile, whilst all around thee  
 weep.

*From the Persian of Sadi, by Sir W. Jones.*

## SEVEN TIMES SIX.

### GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

 O bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch and then to lose ;  
 To see my bright ones disappear,  
 Drawn up like morning dews—  
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch, and then to lose ;  
 This have I done when God drew near  
 Among His own to choose.



To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart.—

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst I smiled,  
For now it was not God who said,  
“Mother, give me thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind,  
To God I gave with tears ;  
But when a man like grace would find,  
My soul put by her fears—  
O fond, O fool, and blind,  
God guards in happier spheres ;  
That man will guard where he did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
Thy face no more she views ;  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in nought accuse,  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love—and then to lose.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.

## LONGING FOR HOME.



SONG of a boat :—  
There was once a boat on a billow :  
Lightly she rock'd to her port remote,  
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,  
And her frail mast bow'd when the breeze would  
blow  
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat  
Went curtseying over the billow,  
I mark'd her course, till a dancing mote  
She faded out on the moonlit foam,  
And I stay'd behind in the dear loved home ;  
And my thoughts all day were about the boat  
And my dreams upon the pillow.



I pray you hear my song of a boat,  
For it is but short :—  
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,  
In river or port.  
Long I look'd out for the lad she bore,  
On the open desolate sea,  
And I think he sail'd to the heavenly shore,  
For he came not back to me—  
Ah me !

A song of a nest :—  
There was once a nest in a hollow :  
Down in the mosses and knot-grass press'd,  
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—  
Vetches lean'd over it purple and dim,  
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,  
For it is not long :—  
You shall never light, in a summer quest  
The bushes among—  
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,  
A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
A softer sound than their tender twitter,  
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
Ah ! happy, happy I !  
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were  
grown  
They spread out their wings to fly—  
O, one after one they flew away  
Far up to the heavenly blue,  
To the better country, the upper day,  
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,  
My empty nest ?  
And what is the shore where I stood to see  
My boat sail down to the west ?  
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,  
Though my good man has sail'd ?  
Can I call that home where my nest was set,  
Now all its hope hath fail'd ?  
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,  
And the land where my nestlings be :  
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,  
The only home for me—  
Ah me !

*Jean Ingelow.*

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF  
LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

 HE old mayor climb'd the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three ;  
“Pull, if ye never pull'd before ;  
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.  
“Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !  
Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby !’”

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall ;  
And there was nougnt of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouch'd on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes ;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;

And dark against day's golden death  
She moved, where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

“Cusha! cusha! cusha!” calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
“Cusha! cusha!” all along ;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song—

“Cusha! cusha! cusha!” calling.  
“For the dews will soone be falling ;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow ;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow ;  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head ;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed !”



If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple tower'd from out the greene ;  
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some one look'd uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, " And why should this thing be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea ?  
They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne :  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I look'd without, and lo ! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main :  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

“ The olde sea wall ” (he cried) “ is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”  
He shook as one that looks on death :  
“ God save you, mother ! ” straight he saith ;  
“ Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”

“ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
With her two bairns I mark'd her long ;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play,  
Afar I heard her milking song.”  
He look'd across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, “ Ho, Enderby ! ”  
They rang “ The Brides of Enderby ! ”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;  
For, lo ! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre rear'd his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward press'd  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so faste the eygre drove,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobb'd in the grasses at oure feet :  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by  
I mark'd the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see ;  
And awsome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang “ Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofer to roofer who fearless row'd ;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd ;  
And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,  
“ O come in life, or come in death !  
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
The pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !  
To manye more than myne and mee :  
But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis' shore,  
“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling ;  
I shall never hear her song,  
“Cusha ! Cusha !” all along  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
    Goeth, floweth ;  
From the meads where melick growtheth,  
When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
    Shiver, quiver ;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
    To the sandy lonesome shore ;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
“Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
    Mellow, mellow ;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
    Hollow, hollow ;

Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;  
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head :  
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

*Jean Ingelow.*

### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.



'M wearin' awa, John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John ;  
There's neither cauld nor care, John ;  
The day's aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was baith good and fair, John,  
And, oh ! we grudged her sair  
To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,

And joy's a-comin' fast, John—  
The joy that's aye to last,  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man ne'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
Oh, dry your glistening e'e, John !  
My soul lang to be free, John ;  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John !  
Your day it's wearin' through, John ;  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare-ye-well, my ain John,  
This warld's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.

*Lady Nairn.*

## FOUR YEARS.



T the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Said I, mournfully,—My life is at its prime,  
Yet bare lie my meadows, shorn before  
the time,  
In my scorch'd woodlands the leaves are turning  
brown.  
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Stood she by the streamlet, young and very fair,  
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair,—  
Hair that droop'd like birch-boughs,—all in her  
simple gown.

For it was midsummer,—and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,  
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast:  
Low piled the thunder-clouds had drifted to the  
west,—  
Red-eyed out glared the sun, like knight from  
leaguered town,  
That eve in high midsummer, when the hay was  
down.

It is midsummer,—all the hay is down ;  
 Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,  
 Praying, “ God shield thee till we meet in Paradise ! ”  
 Bless her in Love’s name who was my brief life’s  
 crown,—  
 And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

*By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman.*

### THE RIVER SHORE.

ALKING by the quiet river  
 Where the slow tide seaward goes,  
 All the cares of life fall from us,  
 All our troubles find repose :  
 Naught forgetting, naught regretting,  
 Lovely ghosts from days no more  
 Glide with white feet o’er the river,  
 Smiling towards the silent shore.

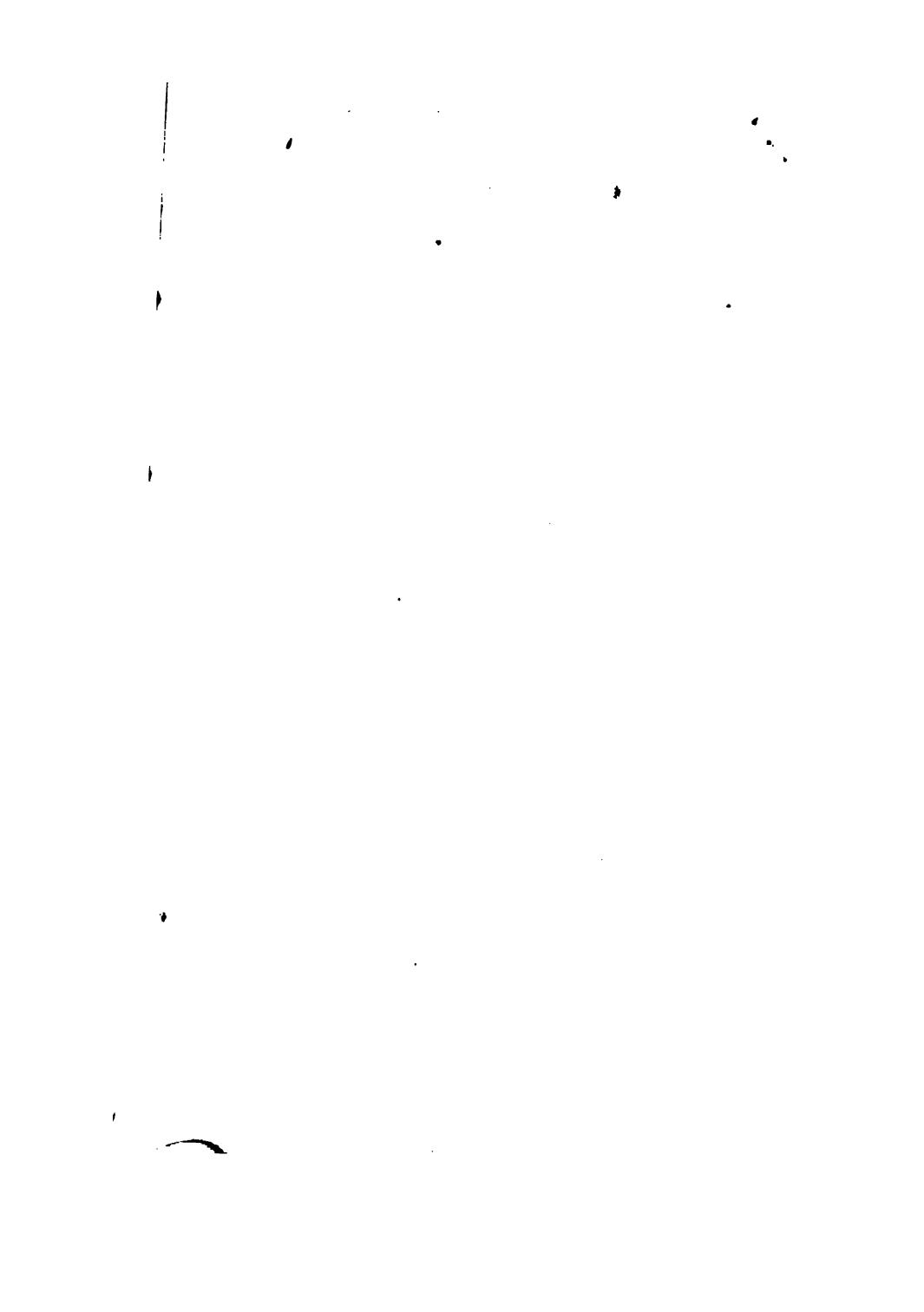
So we pray in His good pleasure  
 When this world we’ve safely trod,  
 We may walk beside the river  
 Flowing from the throne of God :





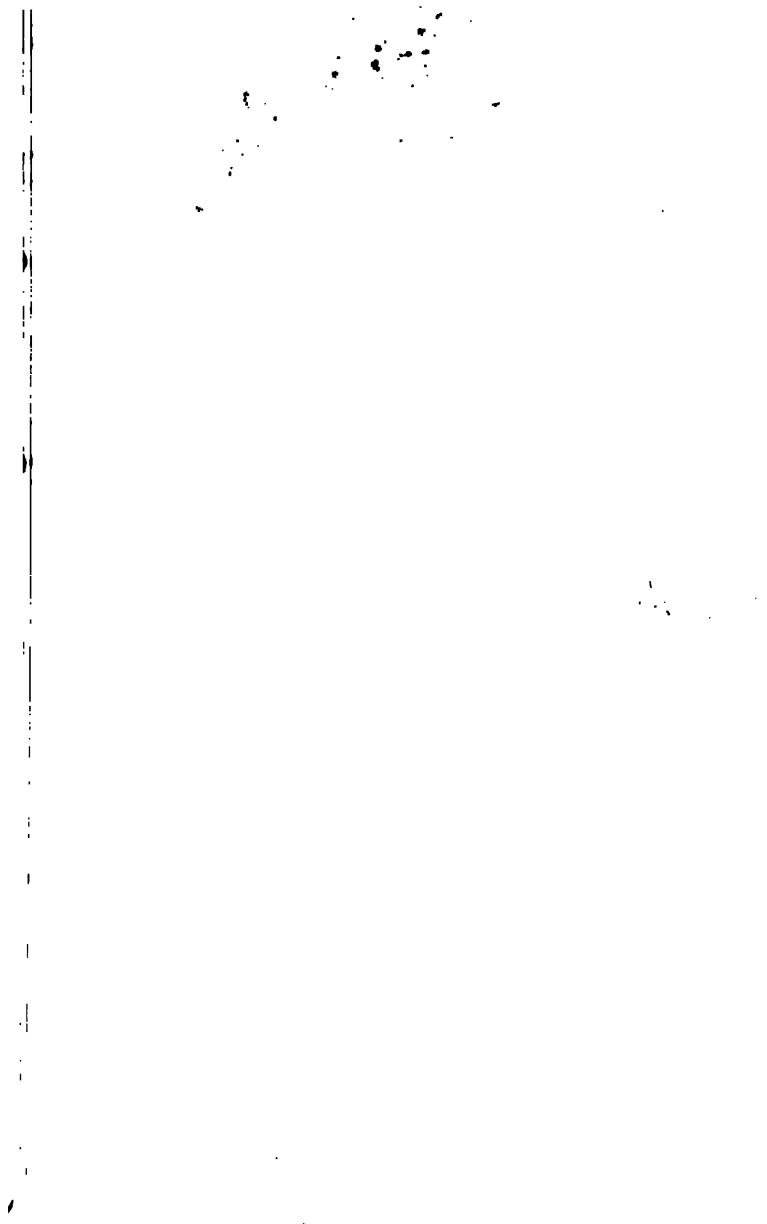


*The River Shore*





*The River Shore*



All forgiving, all believing,  
 Not one lost we loved before,  
 Looking towards the hills of heaven  
 Calmly from the eternal shore.

*By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman.*

## THE MOTHER'S VISITS.

ONG years ago she visited my chamber,  
 Steps soft and slow, a taper in her hand ;  
 Her fond kiss she laid upon my eyelids,  
 Fair as an angel from the unknown land ;  
 Mother, mother, is it thou I see ?  
 Mother, mother, watching over me.

And yesternight I saw her cross my chamber,  
 Soundless as light, a palm-branch in her hand ;  
 Her mild eyes she bent upon my anguish,  
 Calm as an angel from the blessed land ;  
 Mother, mother, is it thou I see ?  
 Mother, mother, art thou come for me ?

*Translated from the French by the Author of  
 John Halifax, Gentleman.*

## LAMENTATION.


 READ upon that book,  
 Which down the golden gulf doth let  
 us look  
 On the sweet days of pastoral majesty ;  
 I read upon that book  
 How, when the Shepherd Prince did flee  
 (Red Esau's twin), he desolate took  
 The stone for a pillow : then he fell on sleep.  
 And lo ! there was a ladder. Lo ! there hung  
 A ladder from the star-place, and it clung  
 To the earth : it tied her so to heaven ; and oh !  
 There flutter'd wings ;  
 Then were ascending and descending things  
 That stepp'd to him where he lay low ;  
 Then up the ladder would a-drifting go  
 (This feather'd brood of heaven), and show  
 Small as white flakes in winter that are blown  
 Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book I said,  
“Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed  
Are not like Jacob’s dream ;  
Yet I have got it in my life : yes, I,  
And many more ; it doth not us beseem,  
Therefore, to sigh.  
Is there not hung a ladder in our sky ?  
Yea ; and moreover, all the way up on high  
Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.  
We have no dream ! What then ?  
Like wingèd wayfarers the height they scale,  
(By Him that offers them they shall prevail)—  
The prayers of men.  
But where is found a prayer for me ;  
How should I pray ?  
My heart is sick, and full of strife.  
I heard one whisper with departing breath,  
“ Suffer us not, for any pains of death,  
To fall from Thee.”  
But O, the pains of life ! the pains of life !  
There is no comfort now, and nought to win,  
But yet—I will begin !

“ Preserve to me my wealth,” I do not say,  
For that is wasted away ;

And much of it was canker'd ere it went.  
“ Preserve to me my health,” I cannot say,  
    For that, upon a day,  
Went after other delights to banishment.

What can I pray? “ Give me forgetfulness?”  
    No, I would still possess  
Past away smiles, though present fronts be stern.  
“ Give me again my kindred?” Nay; not so,  
    Not idle prayers. We know  
They that have cross'd the river cannot return.

I do not pray, “ Comfort me! comfort me!”  
    For how should comfort be?  
O,—O that cooing mouth—that little white head!  
No; but I pray, “ If it be not too late,  
    Open to me the gate,  
That I may find my babe when I am dead.

“ Show me the path. I had forgotten Thee  
    When I was happy and free,  
Walking down here in the gladsome light o' the sun;  
But now I come and mourn; O set my feet  
    In the road to Thy blest seat,  
And for the rest, O God, Thy will be done.”

*Jean Ingelow.*

## COMING HOME.

HE lift is high and blue,  
 And the new moon glints through  
 The bonnie corn-stooks o' Strathairly ;  
 My ship's in Largo Bay,  
 And I ken it weel—the way  
 Up the steep, steep brae o' Strathairly.

When I sail'd ower the sea,  
 A laddie bold and free,—  
 The corn sprang green on Strathairly ;  
 When I come back again,  
 'Tis an auld man walks his lane,  
 Slow and sad through the fields o' Strathairly.

Of the shearers that I see,  
 Ne'er a body kens me,  
 Though I kent them a' at Strathairly ;  
 And this fisher-wife I pass,  
 Can she be the braw lass  
 That I kiss'd at the back of Strathairly ?

Oh, the land's fine, fine !  
 I could buy it a' for mine,  
 My gowd's yellow as the stooks o' Strathairly ;  
 But I fain yon lad wad be,  
 That sail'd ower the salt sea  
 As the dawn rose grey on Strathairly.

*By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman.*

### ROTHESAY BAY.

 U' yellow lie the corn-rigs  
 Far doun the braid hillside ;  
 It is the bravest harst field  
 Alang the shores o' Clyde,—  
 And I'm a puir harst-lassie  
 Wha stands the lee-lang day  
 Shearing the corn-rigs of Ardbeg  
 Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

O I had ance a true-love,—  
 Now, I hae nane ava ;  
 And I had three braw brithers,  
 But I hae tint them a' ;

My father and my mither  
    Sleep i' the mools this day.  
I sit my lane amang the rigs  
    Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at morning,  
    And bonnier at the noon,  
But it's bonniest when the sun draps  
    And red comes up the moon ;  
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,  
    And Arran peaks are grey,  
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,  
    Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,  
    And a wee tear blin's my e'e,—  
And I think o' that far countrie  
    What I wad like to be !  
But I rise content i' the morning  
    To wark while wark I may  
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg  
    Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

*By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman.*

## THE THREE FISHERS.

 HREE fishers went sailing away to the  
West,

Away to the West as the sun went down ;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the  
town ;

For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down,  
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the  
shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and  
brown.

But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their  
hands  
For those who will never come home to the town ;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep ;  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

*Charles Kingsley.*

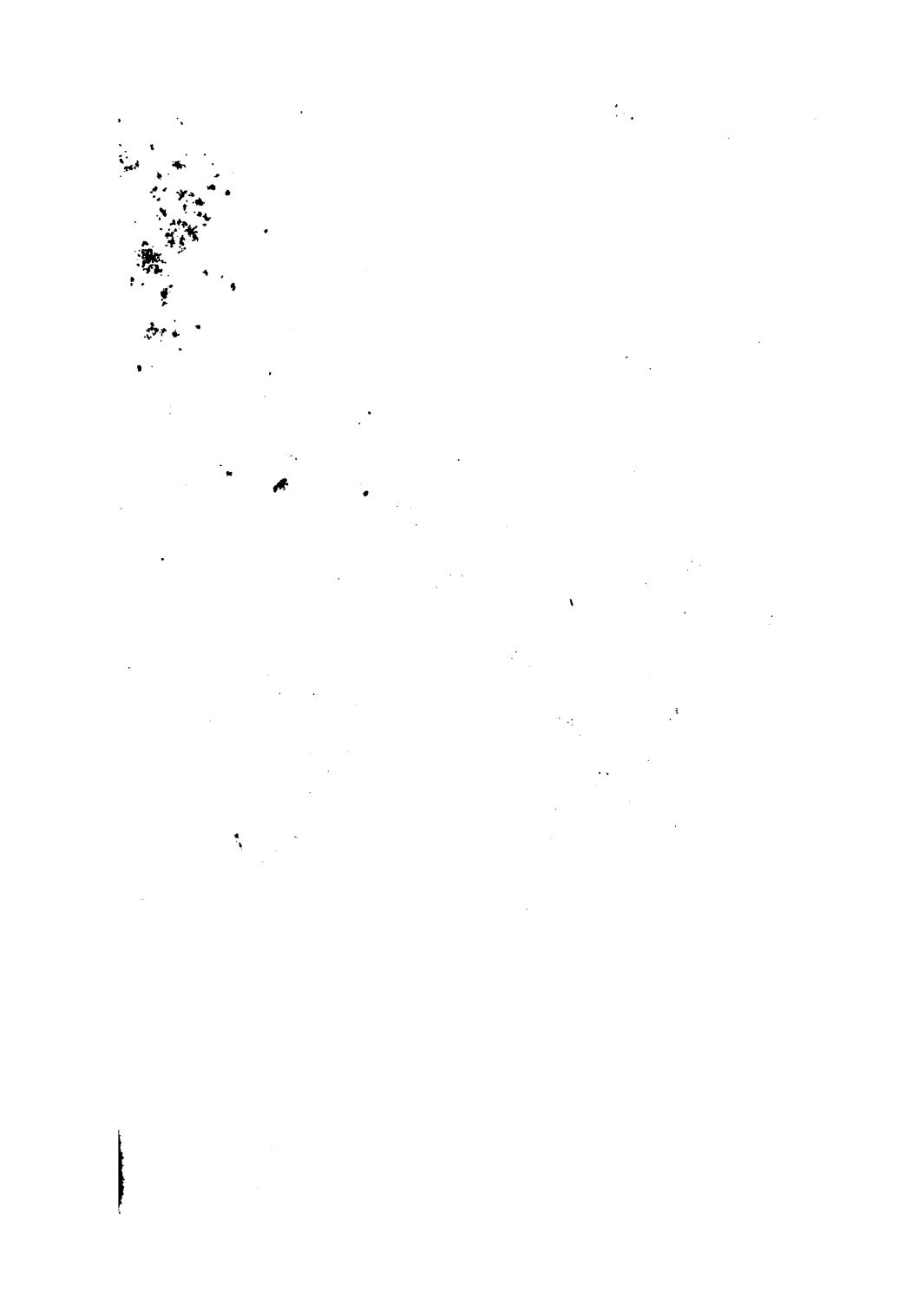
### THE RETREAT.

 APPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel-infancy !  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought ;  
When yet I had not walk'd above  
A mile or two from my first Love,  
And looking back, at that short space,  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face  
When on some gilded cloud or flower

My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

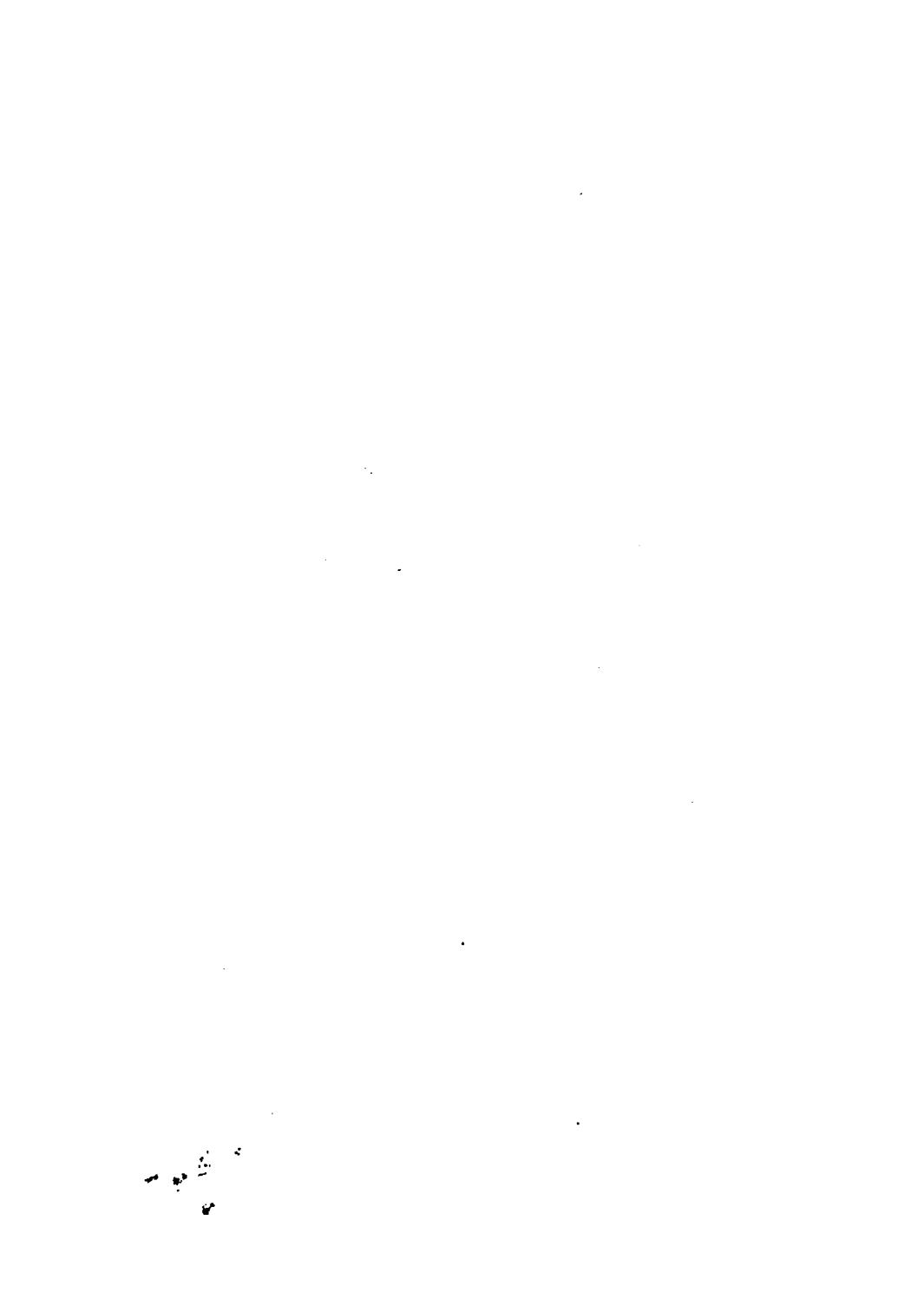
Oh, how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence the enlighten'd spirit sees  
That shady City of palm-trees.  
But ah ! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers on the way !  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move ;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came return.

*Henry Vaughan.*





*Auld Robin Gray*





## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

HEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the  
kye at hame,  
And a' the warld to rest are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his  
bride ;  
But saving a croun he had naething else beside :  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to  
sea ;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was  
strown awa' ;  
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna wark, and my mother couldna  
spin ;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna  
win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in  
his e'e

Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wrack;

His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?  
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair; my mother didna speak;  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
break:

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the  
sea;

Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,—  
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away;  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why was I born to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

*Lady Anne Lindsay.*

### THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

 ND are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he's weel ?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;  
 Is this the time to spin a thread,  
 When Colin's at the door ?  
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a' ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

'And gie to me my bigonet,  
 My bishop's satin gown ;  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's in the town.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
My stockins pearly blue ;  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot ;  
Gie little Kate her button goun,  
And Jock his Sunday coat ;  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw ;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop  
Been fed this month and mair ;  
Mak haste and throw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare ;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw,  
For wha can tell how Colin fared  
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air ;  
His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair,—

And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin's weel, and weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave ;  
And gin I live to keep him sae,  
I'm blest aboon the lave ;  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a' ;  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

*William Julius Mickle.*



## THE SANDS OF DEE.



MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee."

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land :  
 And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drownèd maiden’s hair,  
 Above the nets at sea ?  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea :  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

*Charles Kingsley.*

### THE TWO VOICES.



WO solemn voices, in a funeral strain,  
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of  
rain  
    Meet in the sky ;  
“Thou art gone hence !” one sang, “our light is  
    flown,  
Our beautiful, that seem’d too much our own,  
    Ever to die !  
  
“Thou art gone hence ! our joyous hills among  
Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
    When spring-flowers rise  
Never the friend’s familiar step to meet  
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet  
    Of thy glad eyes.”

“Thou art gone home, gone *home!*” then, high and  
clear,

Warbled that other Voice: “Thou hast no tear  
Again to shed.

Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,  
Never, weigh'd down by Memory's clouds, again  
To bow thy head.

“Thou art gone home! oh! early crown'd and blest!  
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest  
With aught below?

Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—  
Thrice blest to go!”

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like Voice of grief—  
“Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,  
So loved should be!  
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,  
The music of our being, all in one,  
Depart with thee!

“Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!  
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?  
The dark unknown?

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,  
Never again to light up hearth or hall,  
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home!*" once more th' exulting Voice arose:  
"Thou art gone home! from that divine repose  
Never to roam!  
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,  
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—  
Thou art gone home!"

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—  
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past  
The rough sea's foam!  
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,—  
Home, home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd.  
—Thou art gone home!"

*Felicia Hemans.*

## THE TWO HOMES.

Oh ! if the soul immortal be,  
Is not its love immortal too ?

EEST thou my home ?—'tis where yon woods  
are waving,  
In their dark richness, to the summer air ;  
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks  
laving,  
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there !

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies  
gleaming,  
Fringed with the violet, colour'd with the skies !  
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer  
dreaming,  
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home ! the spirit of its love is breathing  
In every wind that plays across my track ;  
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there pray'd for—there my mother  
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye ;  
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother,  
—Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,  
All the home-voices meet at day's decline ;  
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—  
There laughs *my* home—sad stranger ! where is thine ?

Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;  
'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,  
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling ;  
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !  
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling  
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?  
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !  
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,  
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !  
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !  
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,  
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

*Felicia Hemans.*

#### RECOLLECTIONS.

 O you remember all the sunny places  
Where in bright days, long past, we  
play'd together ?

Do you remember all the old home faces  
That gather'd round the hearth in wintry weather ?  
Do you remember all the happy meetings  
In summer evenings round the open door,  
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender  
greetings,  
And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more ?  
Do you remember this ?

Do you remember when we first departed  
From all the old companions who were round us,  
How very soon again we grew lighthearted,  
And talk'd with smiles of all the links which bound  
us ?

And after, when our footsteps were returning,  
With unfehl weariness o'er hill and plain,  
How our young hearts kept boiling up and  
burning

To think how soon we'd be at home again?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember how no sound woke gladly,  
But desolate echoes through our home were  
ringing,

How for a while we talk'd, then paused full sadly,  
Because our voices bitter thoughts were  
bringing?

Ah 'me! those days—those days! my friend, my  
brother!

Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,  
For we have nothing left but one another,  
Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go.

Let us remember this.

Do you remember how the dreams of glory  
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure ;  
How we thought less of being famed in story  
And more of those to whom our fame gave  
pleasure?

Do you remember in far countries weeping,  
When a light breeze or flower hath brought to mind  
Old happy thoughts which till that hour were  
sleeping,  
And made us yearn for those we left behind ?  
Do you remember this ?

*Honourable Mrs. Norton.*

### THE CHILD OF EARTH.



SAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,  
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening  
brow,  
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,  
“I am content to die,—but oh ! not now !—  
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring  
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;  
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;  
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps  
wreathe.  
Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow,  
I am content to die, but oh ! not now !”

The spring hath ripen'd into summer time ;  
The season's viewless boundary is past ;  
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime ;  
Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?  
" Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,  
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on ;  
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee  
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone !  
Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow ;  
I am content to die,—but oh ! not now !"

Summer is gone ; and autumn's soberer hues  
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;  
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,  
Shouts the halloo ! and winds his eager horn.  
" Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze  
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,  
To watch in silence while the evening rays  
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !  
Cooler the breezes play around my brow ;  
I am content to die,—but oh ! not now !"

The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers, far and near,  
Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;

Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,  
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;  
Yet still that prayer ascends : " Oh ! laughingly  
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,  
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,  
And the roof rings with voices light and loud :  
Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !  
I am content to die,—but oh ! not now ! "

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !  
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;  
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing ;—  
The child of earth is number'd with the dead !  
" Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,  
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;  
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,  
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !  
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow ;  
Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now ! "

*Honourable Mrs. Norton.*

## SONNET.

 HE commonest spot we cannot without  
    pain  
Turn from, where we have tarried but a  
    day,  
And struck no roots, when to our hearts we say,  
We ne'er shall look upon this spot again ;  
What wonder then if I can not restrain  
Some sadness, turning from these haunts away,  
Where we have many a month been free to stray  
By verdant stream, o'er hill or pleasant plain—  
A momentary sadness, yet which brings  
Thanksgiving with it, gratitude for this,  
That where we live, we cannot choose but love ;  
We make a friend of nature, until bliss  
(Few guess how much) we daily, hourly prove,  
From the known aspect of inanimate things.

*Archbishop Trench.*

## RETURNING HOME.

 O leave unseen so many a glorious sight,  
 To leave so many lands unvisited,  
 To leave so many worthiest books unread,  
 Unrealized so many visions bright ;—  
 Oh ! wretched yet inevitable spite  
 Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,  
 And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,  
 So much remaining of unproved delight.  
 But hush, my soul, and vain regrets be still'd ;  
 Find rest in Him who is the complement  
 Of whatsoe'er transcends our mortal doom,  
 Of broken hope and frustrated intent ;  
 In the clear vision and aspect of whom  
 All wishes and all longings are fulfill'd.

*Archbishop Trench.*

TO —

 E live not in our moments or our years :  
 The present we fling from us like the rind  
 Of some sweet Future, which we after find  
 Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,  
 And water it beforehand with our tears—  
 Vain tears for that which never may arrive :  
 Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,  
 Neglected or unheeded, disappears.  
 Wiser it were to welcome and make ours  
 Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—  
 Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,  
 With a child's pure delight in little things ;  
 And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,  
 Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

*Archbishop Trench.*

*January 16, 1841.*

 O mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,  
 No taper burns beside thy lonely bed ;  
 Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,  
 And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,  
 For we uncheer'd beside it sit alone,  
 And listen to the wild and beating rain  
 In angry gusts against our casement blown :

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know  
 That both our hearts are there, where thou dost  
 keep  
 Within thy narrow chamber far below,  
 For the first time unwatch'd, thy lonely sleep :

Oh, no, not thou !—and we our faith deny,  
 This thought allowing :—thou, removed from  
 harms,  
 In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,  
 Oh ! not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms—

In that dear Lord's, who in thy worst distress,  
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,  
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,  
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat, committed to the ground  
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear,  
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found  
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,  
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall  
bring,  
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew,  
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

*Archbishop Trench.*



## LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.



T 'S we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,  
 All the world and we two, and Heaven be  
 our stay.

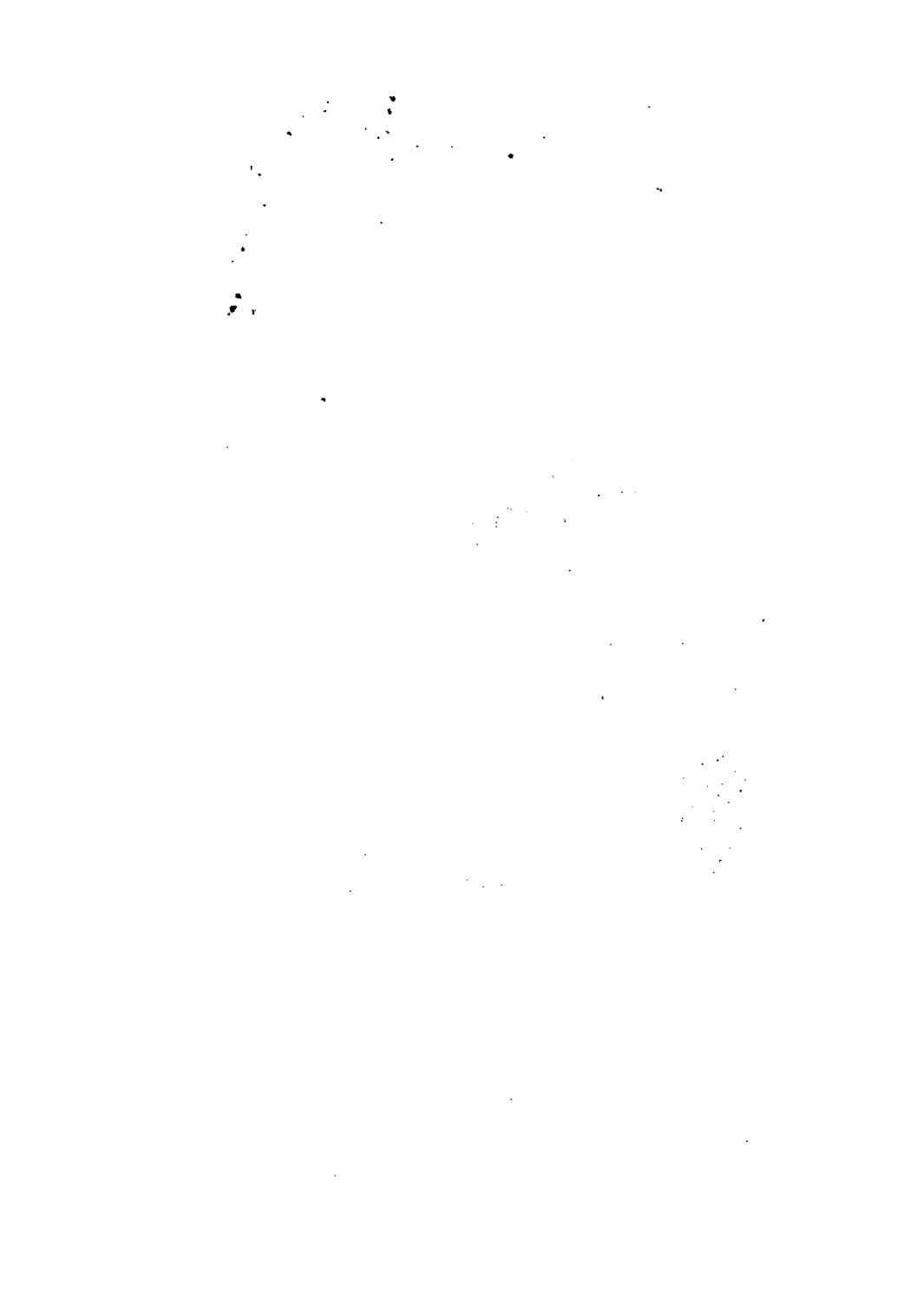
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride !  
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love !—what can it do ?  
 I am thine, and thou art mine ; life is sweet and new.  
 If the world have miss'd the mark, let it stand by,  
 For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll  
 try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride !  
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.  
 Take a kiss from me thy man ; now the song begins  
 “All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins.”

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,  
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.  
 It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,  
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

*Jean Ingelow.*





*One Morning*





## ONE MORNING.

 NE morning, oh ! so early, my belovèd, my  
 belovèd,  
 All the birds were singing blithely, as if  
 never they would cease ;  
 'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, " Hear the story,  
 hear the story !"  
 And the lark sang, " Give us glory !"  
 And the dove said, " Give us peace !"  
  
 Then I listen'd, oh ! so early, my belovèd, my  
 belovèd,  
 To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my  
 dear, the dove ;  
 When the nightingale came after, " Give us fame to  
 sweeten duty !"  
 When the wren sang, " Give us beauty !"  
 She made answer, " Give us love !"  
  
 Sweet is spring, and sweet the morning, my belovèd  
 my belovèd ;  
 Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon  
 the year's increase,

And my prayer goes up, “ Oh, give us, crown’d in  
 youth with marriage glory,  
 Give for all our life’s dear story,  
 Give us love, and give us peace ! ”

*Jean Ingelow.*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY  
 CHILDHOOD.



HERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
 and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it has been of yore ;  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong :  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
    My heart is at your festival,  
    My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
    Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen  
        While the earth herself is adorning,  
        This sweet May morning,  
    And the children are pulling  
        On every side,  
    In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—  
    I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
—But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have look'd upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
    The pansy at my feet  
        Doth the same tale repeat :  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
    The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, Who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy ;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And even with something of a Mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,

A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his "humourous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage ;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity ;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage ; thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by ;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Black misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;  
Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We, in thought, will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance, which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy

Which having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Think not of any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquish'd one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*William Wordsworth.*









## THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.



YOU see the gentle water,  
 How silently it floats,  
 How cautiously, how steadily  
 It moves the sleepy boats ;  
 And all the little loops of pearl  
 It strews along the sand,  
 Steal out as leisurely as leaves  
 When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,  
 And thunder from its rest,  
 When the stormy taunts of winter  
 Are flying at its breast ;  
 And if you like to listen,  
 And draw your chairs around  
 I'll tell you what it did one night  
 When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham  
 Go out to search the seas ;  
 A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,  
 Who love a swinging breeze ;

And along the woods of Devon,  
And the silver cliffs of Wales,  
You may see, when summer evenings fall,  
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,  
And grey winds hunt the foam,  
They go back to little Brixham  
And ply their toils at home ;  
And so it chanced, one winter's day,  
When the wind began to roar,  
That all the men were out at sea,  
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the storm grew fiercer  
The women's cheeks grew white ;—  
It was fiercer through the twilight,  
And fiercest in the night ;  
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,  
With not a star to melt,  
And the blackness of the darkness  
Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,  
Went on its secret way,  
And struck a hundred barks adrift  
To reel about the bay ;



They meet, they crash—God keep the men !  
God give a moment's light !  
There is nothing but the tumult,  
And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,  
They grieved for what they knew ;  
What do you think the women did ?  
Love taught them what to do.  
Up spoke a wife, “We've beds at home—  
We'll burn them for a light—  
Give us the men and the bare ground—  
We want no more to-night.”

They took the grandame's blanket,  
Who shiver'd and bade them go ;  
They took the baby's pillow,  
Who could not say them no ;  
And they heap'd a great fire on the pier,  
And knew not all the while  
If they were heaping a bonfire,  
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame  
Shone bravely on the black,  
Till a cry went through the people,  
“ A boat is coming back !”

Staggering dimly through the fog,  
They see, and then they doubt—  
But when the first prow strikes the pier,  
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then, all along the breadth of flame  
Dark figures shriek'd and ran,  
With "Child, here comes your father!"  
Or "Wife, is this your man?  
And faint feet touch the welcome stone  
And stay a little while,  
And kisses drop from frozen lips  
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,  
All that the sea would spare—  
We will not reckon through our tears  
The names that were not there;  
But some went home, without a bed,  
When all the tale was told,  
Who were too cold with sorrow  
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do  
Who work in wind and foam,  
And this is what the women bear  
Who watch for them at home;

So, when you see a Brixham boat  
Go out to meet the gales,  
Think of the love that travels  
Like light upon her sails !

*M. B. S.*

#### WHAT THE LUTE BROUGHT.

HE artist play'd on his well-loved lute,  
Till all around were hush'd and mute.

For he breathed forth notes so sweet and clear,  
That men and women wept to hear.

And he sang of life and of human lot,  
Till song and singer were both forgot,

And each one thought within his breast  
Of the thing on earth he loved the best.

The painter thought of his growing fame,  
And the work that should bring him an endless name.

The poet was trembling with heaven-born might,  
And he pray'd for strength to use it right.

The scholar was dreaming of heights to climb,  
And knowledge snatch'd from the gulfs of time.

The priest, like a saint, sat calm and grey,  
And pray'd for the soul that was passing away.

The maiden was thinking of books and friends,  
And of fair green paths with unknown ends.

The lover, he walk'd in paradise,  
By a sweet young face, with its clear blue eyes.

The father groan'd, for he saw once more  
A soldier's grave on a foreign shore ;

But the mother look'd to heaven and smiled  
As she thought of her infant, angel child.

*Pan.*



## THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.



OME close to the fire, my Minnie,  
 With your stool beside me, so ;  
 And I'll tell you a tale, my darling,  
 Of my childhood years ago.

The logs on the hearth are blazing  
 Till the pictures glisten and shine,  
 And your little face in the twilight  
 Looks pleadingly up into mine.

The wind with the clouds is battling,  
 Till the pine-trees shriek with fear :  
 Is it the storm or the darkness  
 Which has made the past so clear ?

I see a room in the firelight,  
 And a sailor bearded and brown'd,  
 And a woman in tears beside him,  
 And the children clinging around.

I see the moment of parting,  
With its struggle, and passionate sighs—  
With its kisses, and broken blessings,  
And the sobbing of choking replies.

But the good ship weighs her anchor,  
The captain must do his part,  
And the wife must be left to her anguish,  
With her children clasp'd close to her heart.

He sail'd, but he wrote so often,  
Such wonderful things he had seen !  
Blue birds of paradise flashing,  
And the dolphins leaping between ;

And fairy green isles on the ocean,  
And flowers afloat from the shore ;  
Oh ! how we lived in his letters,  
Till at last they came no more.

We heard of gales to the southward,  
And of wrecks and sinking ships,  
And my mother's cheeks grew whiter,  
And the smile died away from her lips.

She pined and droop'd like a flower,  
As the terrible weeks went round ;  
But she neither wept nor fainted,  
When they told her he was drown'd.

She took us all to her bosom,  
The sobbing fatherless things !  
So a dove when her mate is stricken  
Still shelters her young with her wings.

She led us out from the cottage,  
To seek a home in the west ;  
She fasted, for bread to feed us,  
She toil'd that we might have rest.

And years went on, and the children  
Grew merry of heart, and light ;  
All day the mother was cheerful,  
But she cried through half the night.

One evening late in the autumn,  
We sat by the fireside so,  
My sisters and I were spinning,  
And Willie was whistling low.

My mother sat in the shadow,  
Her hand was over her eyes,  
And our whispers had dropp'd to silence,  
As the flame there sinks and dies.

Little Lucy had crept beside me,  
Her golden head on my knees ;  
Hush ! was it a cry in the darkness,  
Or only the wind in the trees ?

My mother had stirr'd for a moment,  
Then shrunk in the shadow once more ;  
But hark ! through the wind and tempest  
There came a knock at the door.

“ Some traveller who seeks for shelter,”  
My mother said, “ from the storm ;”  
Go, Janet, and bid him enter,  
And heap the logs up warm.”

A hasty voice at the threshold,  
A hasty foot on the stair,  
And a form at the open doorway,  
And a cry, and a sob, and a prayer.

My mother knelt in the firelight,  
Her arms round the stranger's neck ;  
'Twas my father, my own dear father,  
Whom God had saved from the wreck.

This is the tale of my childhood,  
Which I read when the fire gets low ;  
Don't cry ; it was years ago, dear,  
Years upon years ago.

*Pan.*

### JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

 JOHN Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And monie a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither :  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my jo.

*Robert Burns.*

S thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 O we fell out, I know not why,  
 And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out,  
 That all the more endears,  
 When we fall out with those we love,  
 And kiss again with tears !

For when we came where lies the child  
 We lost in other years,

There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

UR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud  
had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch  
in the sky,

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track ;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me  
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part,  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

*Thomas Campbell.*



## SONG.

 F I had thought thou could'st have died,  
 I might not weep for thee ;  
 But I forgot when by thy side,  
 That thou could'st mortal be.  
 It never through my mind had past  
 That time could e'er be o'er,  
 And I on thee should look my last,  
 And thou should'st smile no more !  
  
 And still upon that face I look,  
 And think 'twill smile again ;  
 And still the thought I will not brook  
 That I must look in vain.  
 But when I speak thou dost not say,  
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
 And now I feel, as well I may,  
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead !  
  
 If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,  
 All cold, and all serene—  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been !

While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own ;  
 But there—I lay thee in thy grave,  
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me ;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
 In thinking still of thee ;  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore !

*Charles Wolfe.*

### YOUTH AND AGE.

 ERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where HOPE clung feeding like a bee—  
 Both were mine ! LIFE went a-maying  
 With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,  
 When I was young !  
*When I was young ! ah, woeful when !*

Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then !  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body, that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aëry cliffs and glittering sands  
How lightly then it flash'd along !  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide ;  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
When YOUTH and I lived int' together !

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,  
Friendship is a sheltering tree,—  
O the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,

Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? ah, mournful *ere*,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one—  
I'll think it but a fond conceit ;  
It cannot be that thou art gone !  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd ;  
And thou wert aye a masker bold :

What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this alter'd size ;  
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought ! so think I will,  
That Youth and I are house-mates still !

*S. T. Coleridge.*

#### BEYOND THE VEIL.

HEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility !  
High as the heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death ; the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair grove or dell he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
    Her captive flames must needs burn there ;  
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,  
    She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
    Created glories under Thee,  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
    Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
    My perspective still as they pass ;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
    Where I shall need no glass.

*Henry Vaughan.*

#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.



HAVE had playmates, I have had  
    companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful  
    school-days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left  
me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

*Charles Lamb.*

## LIFE AND DEATH.



HAT is Life, Father?"

" A battle, my child,  
 Where the strongest lance may fail,  
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,  
 And the stoutest heart may quail.  
 Where the foes are gather'd on every hand  
 And rest not day or night,  
 And the feeble little ones must stand  
 In the thickest of the fight."

" What is Death, Father?"

" The rest, my child,  
 When the strife and the toil are o'er ;  
 The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,  
 Says we need fight no more ;  
 Who, driving away the demon band,  
 Bids the din of the battle cease ;  
 Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,  
 And proclaims an eternal Peace."

“ Let me die, Father ! I tremble, and fear  
To yield in that terrible strife !”

“ The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,  
In the battle-field of life ;  
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,  
He loveth the weak and the small ;  
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,  
And God is over all !”

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

#### TOMMY'S DEAD.



OU may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead,  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys,  
There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
'Tis croppèd out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
He's going blind, as I said,

My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed :  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head ;  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed,

The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !  
I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head,  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowèd !  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivell'd and shred,  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.

There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fed,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold  
Wherever I turn my head  
There's a mildew and a mould,  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,  
You're all born and bred,  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed,  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed ;  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead;  
There's something wrong i'the cup, boys,  
There's something ill wi' the bread,  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head,  
I shall never more be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys,  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed,  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys,  
You may lay me where she is, boys,  
And I'll rest my old head :  
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

*Sydney Dobell.*

### HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED ?



HOW doth death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It clothes their every gift and grace  
With radiance from the holiest place,  
With light as from an angel's face..

Recalling with resistless force,  
And tracing to their hidden source,  
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course,—

This little, loving, fond device,  
That daily act of sacrifice,  
Of which too late we learn the price ;

Opening our weeping eyes to trace  
Simple unnoticed kindnesses,  
Forgotten tones of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be  
Sacred as hymns in infancy,  
Learn'd listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low ;  
Then let love antedate the work of death,  
And speak thus now.



How doth death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,  
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,  
Till scarce the faintest print is scann'd.

It shows how such a vexing deed  
Was but a generous nature's meed,  
Or some choice virtue run to seed ;

How that small fretting fretfulness  
Was but love's over anxiousness,  
Which had not been had love been less ;

This failing at which we repined,  
But the dim shade of day declined,  
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
Then let love antedate the work of death,  
And speak thus now.



How doth death speak of our beloved,  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It takes each failing on our part,  
And brands it in upon the heart,  
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pain'd,  
A giant stature will have gain'd,  
When it can never be explain'd;

The little service which had proved  
How tenderly we watch'd and loved,  
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store,  
Which might have cheer'd some cheerless hour,  
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,  
But never will be needed more!

It shows our faults like fires at night,  
It sweeps their failings out of sight,  
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our Life, foredate the work of death,  
And do this now;  
Thou, who art Love, thus hallow our beloved!—  
Not death, but Thou!

*By the Author of “The Schönberg  
Cotta Family.”*

## THE THREE SONS.



HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five  
years old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and  
mind of gentle mould.  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways  
appears,  
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond  
his childish years.  
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face  
is fair,  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and  
serious air ;  
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth  
me,  
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fer-  
vency :  
But that which others most admire is the thought  
which fills his mind,  
The food for grave enquiring speech he everywhere  
doth find.



Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.  
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimicks all.  
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed  
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.  
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.  
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,  
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;  
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.  
  
I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features  
be,  
How silver sweet those tones of his when he  
prattles on my knee :  
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's,  
keen,  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath  
ever been ;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and  
tender feeling,  
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths  
of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass  
us in the street  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so  
mild and sweet.  
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,  
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport  
alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home  
and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our  
mirth.  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his  
heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for  
earthly love :

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes  
must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose  
in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot  
tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he  
is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles  
were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to  
live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth  
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining  
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss  
which he doth feel,

Are number'd with the secret things which God  
will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is  
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's  
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of  
flesh,

But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy  
for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their  
glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of  
Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother  
dear and I),

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from  
every eye.

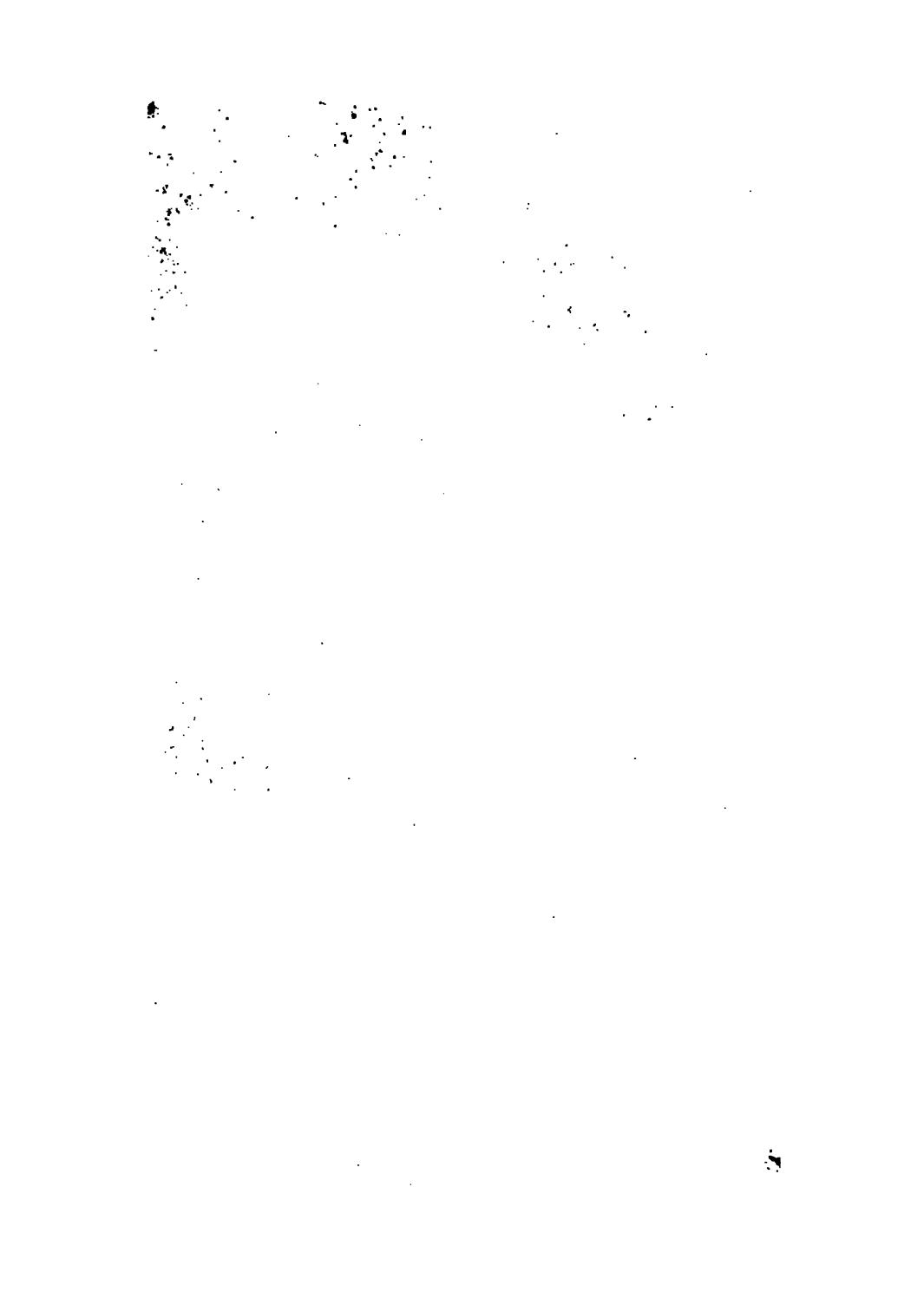
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can  
never cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is  
certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from  
bliss may sever,

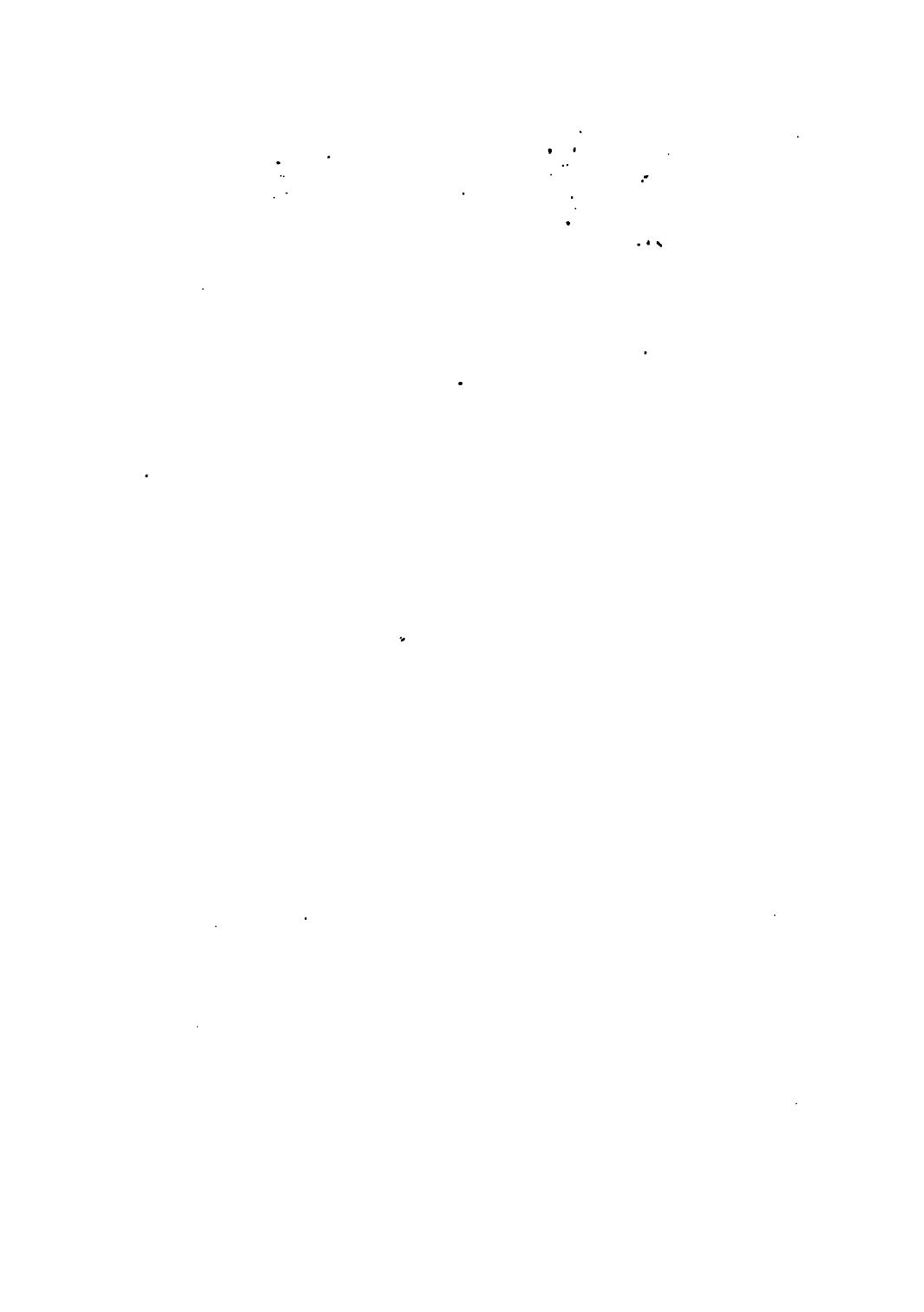
But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours  
for ever,

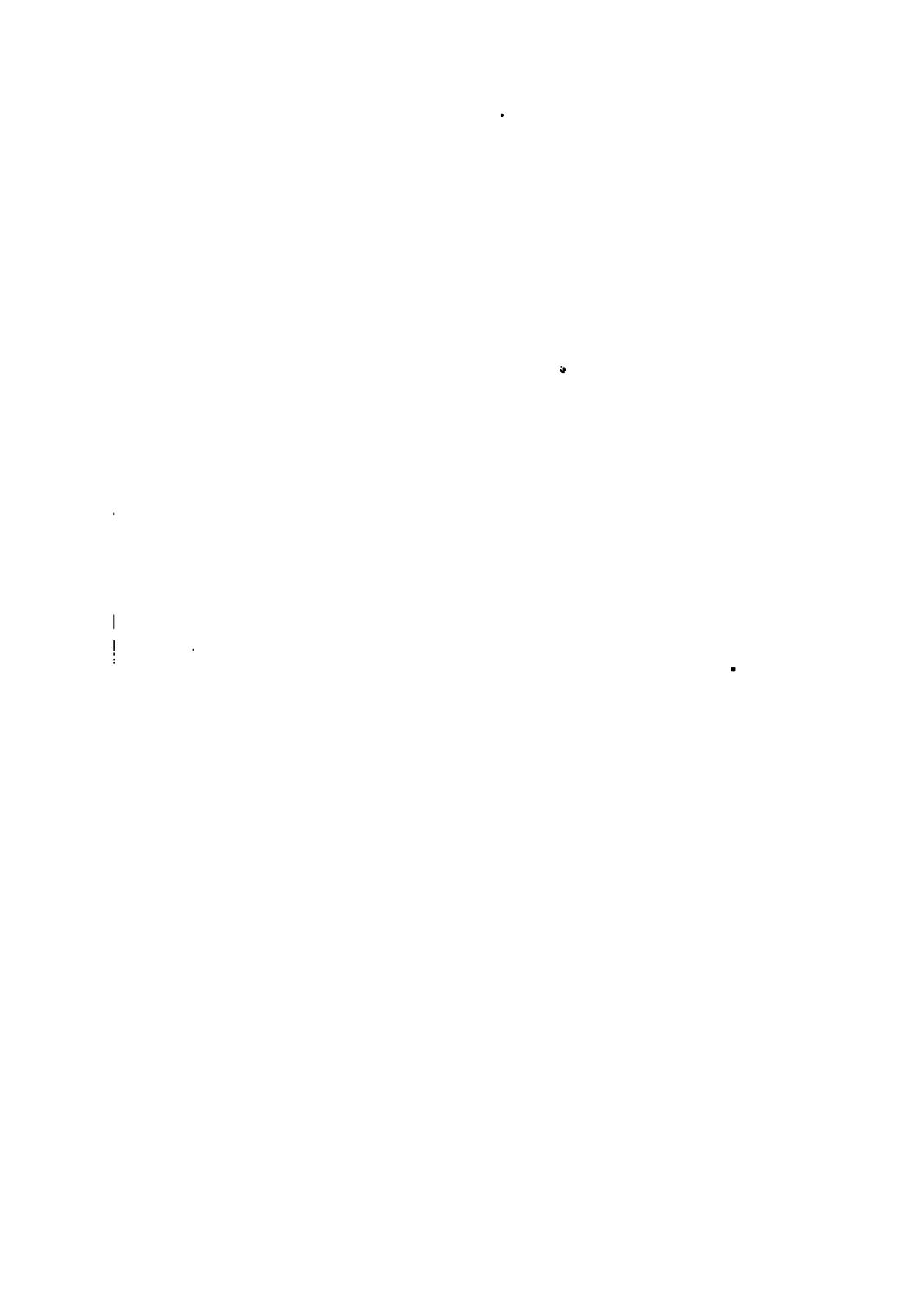
When we think of what our darling is, and what we  
still must be;





*My Mothers Picture*





When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and  
*this* world's misery :  
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel  
this grief and pain,  
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him  
here again.

*John Moultrie.*

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN,

ANNE BODHAM.



THAT those lips had language ! Life has  
pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee  
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile !—it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
And disappointed still, was still deceived ;  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.  
Shortlived possession ! But the record fair,

That memory keeps 'of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made  
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
That humour interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.  
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,  
“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar<sup>1</sup>;”  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,

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<sup>1</sup> Garth.

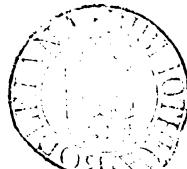
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

*W. Cowper.*

THE END.

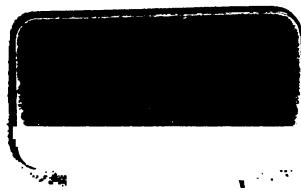
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